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A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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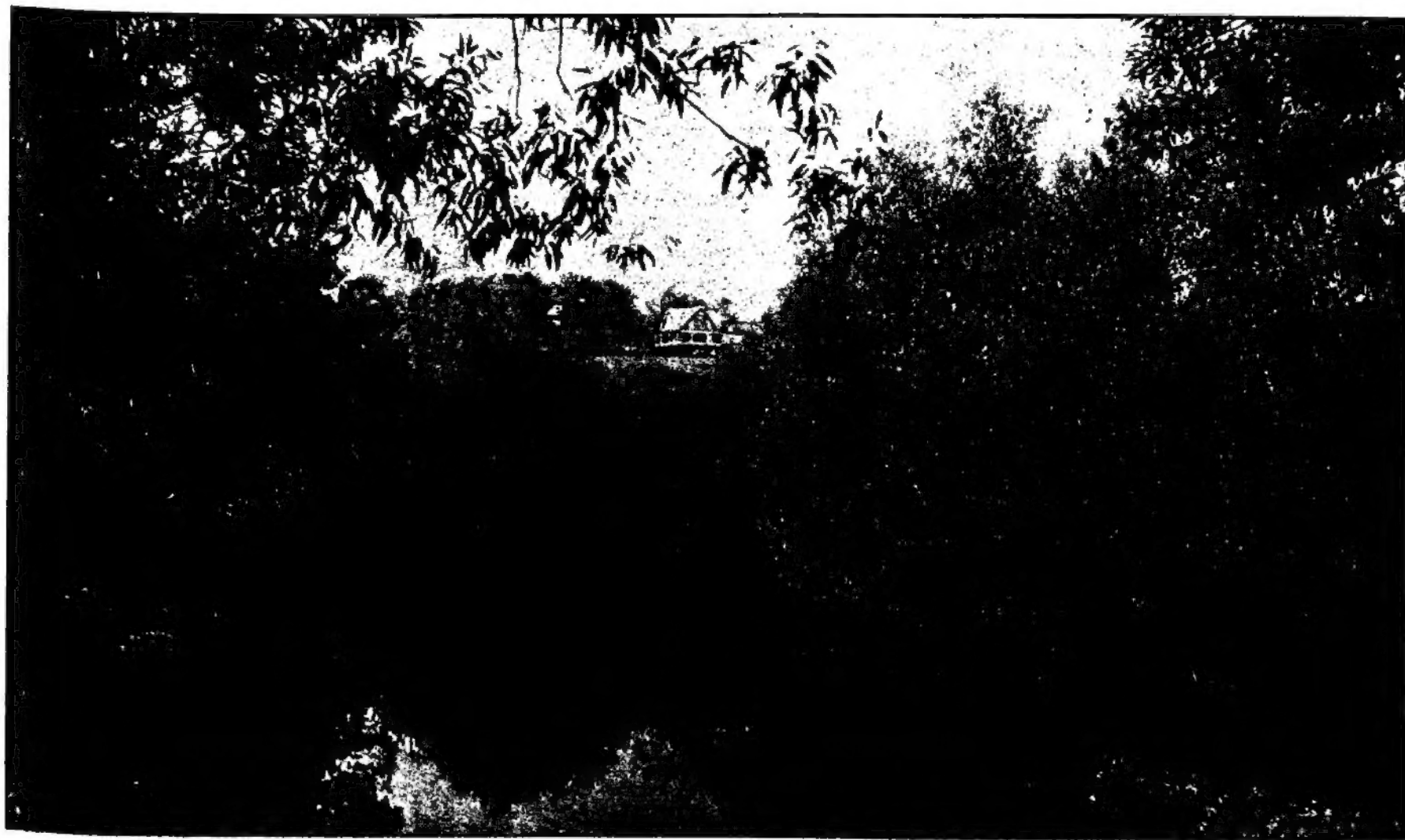
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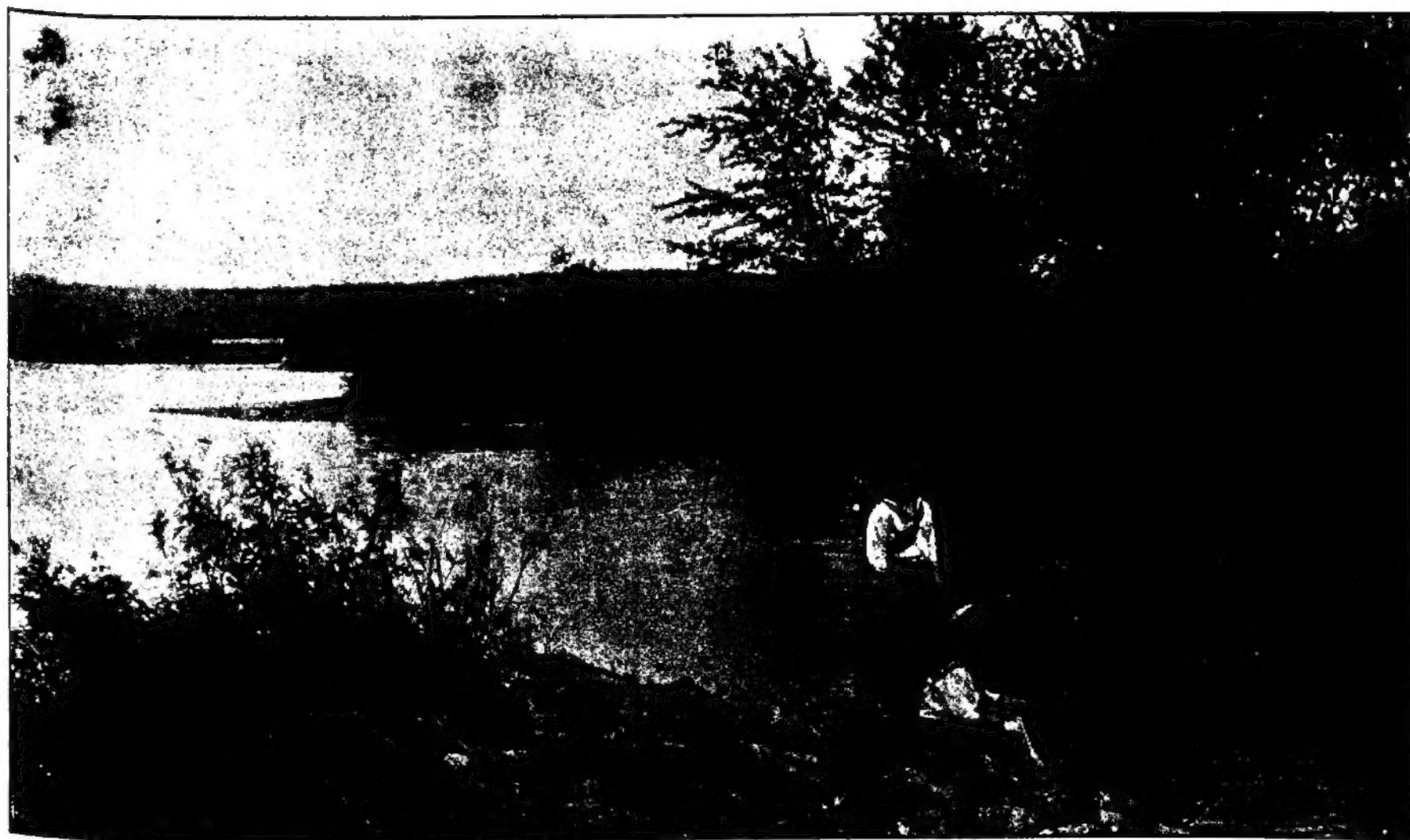
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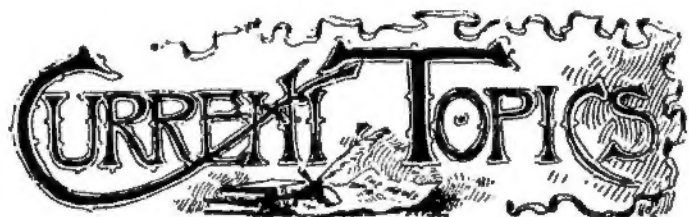
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20th AUGUST, 1891.



## The Eight Hour Movement in Australia.

Whatever would be the result of the adoption in Canada of eight hours as the working day, it appears evident that its use in Australia has been of marked benefit to both masters and men. MR. JOHN RAE, who has recently devoted much attention to an examination of the movement, has published his conclusions in a leading English journal, and summarizes the effect of the shortening as a decided gain to civilization. As an unprejudiced student of the question his observations are both interesting and valuable, and are deserving of close attention from those interested in economic subjects. The chief advantages that have, since its adoption, accrued to the workmen of the colony are a greatly increased interest in literary matters, and more time for physical recreation and exercise, to say nothing of the increased opportunities for home duties and supervision of children. As far as the work itself is concerned, MR. RAE'S conclusions, adopted from the reports of employers, are that not only has the quantity of work turned out per week been fully equal to that prior to the change, but—strange to say—there has been a distinct improvement in the quality. In noting the general results of the movement, he says:

"Altogether, the more we examine the subject the more irresistibly is the impression borne in from all sides that there is growing up in Australia, and very largely in consequence of the eight hours day, a working class which, for general *morale*, intelligence, and industrial efficiency, is probably already superior to that of any other branch of our Anglo-Saxon race, and for happiness, cheerfulness and all-round comfort of life has never seen its equal in the world before. For all this advantage, moreover, nobody seems to be a shilling the worse. It is truly remarkable how immaterial apparently has been the cost of the eight hours day in Victoria. Look for the effects of it where you will, they still ever elude your observation.

Wages have not fallen, wages have not risen; production has not fallen except in certain trifling cases; prices have not risen except in certain trifling instances; trade has not suffered, profits have not dwindled (or we should have heard croaking); the unemployed have not vanished, not so much as shrunk in any perceptible degree; the working classes—the great body of the nation—have an hour more to call their own, that is all."

It is rather curious that the great opponents of the measure are the working-women, and the

saloon-keepers. The opposition of the women to the reform is due to their eagerness to work long hours in order to earn more wages; it is rather difficult to state the exact grounds by which public-houses suffer by the eight hours system, but it may reasonably be inferred that more money is devoted to out-door sports and reading, and less to drink. This fact entitles the movement to the strong support of the temperance party. We firmly believe that before many years, a shorter day's work will be the rule in Canada as well as in Australia; it may not come down at once to eight hours, but will probably commence with a reduction to nine. The greatest hindrance to the success of the movement will be in our proximity to the United States, with its immense army of unemployed, daily recruited from all parts of the world with ignorant men and women, whose only aim is to make money, and who will work any length of time and at any price to accomplish that end; many of these drift into Canada, and would be followed by swarms if openings existed for them. The great *desideratum* here is that the Government should take action in the matter by the appointment of a commission to carefully examine all sides of the question; it is altogether likely that legislation in favour of the reform would soon follow.

## From Dakota to Manitoba.

A marked feature of the ebb and flow of population recently has been the emigration of farmers from Dakota into Manitoba; and—if press reports are true—the coming enormous harvest in the latter, and the relatively light yield in the former, will intensify this movement. The reasons alleged appear to be chiefly on account of the high rate of taxation existent on the American side, and the great scarcity of fuel; and, in addition to these, settlers suffer much from drought, while the prices realized for produce are extremely low. These are hard facts, borne out by the sworn testimony of the sufferers; and although a good margin may be allowed for laziness or want of care in their work while in Dakota, enough remains to show conclusively that Manitoba offers infinitely greater advantages to the farmer than does that State. Many of the settlers who have come over state that wood is so scarce that for years they have been unable to procure any for fuel; scraps, roots, odds and ends of all sorts have been all they could depend on. This, in view of the blizzards that periodically sweep over the entire State, must entail great suffering. In financial matters the discrepancy between the very meagre prices received for produce and the high outlay for municipal purposes makes money-lenders the most prosperous class of the community, three to four per cent per month being paid by the unfortunate farmers in many cases to meet their engagements. When cows are sold at from \$7 to \$20 each, butter at from 6 to 7 cents per lb., and other stuff at proportionate prices, middlemen must make substantial profits, unless the railroads absorb an undue proportion. The high municipal taxes referred to seem to have gone into the pockets of high-salaried county officials, the treasurer and registrar alone receiving \$2,000 a year each, while in Manitoba one-tenth of that sum is considered ample remuneration for the occasional duties required. Altogether, the consensus of facts is in every particular favourable to the Canadian province; and the probabilities are that a very large number of Dakotans will, from this time out, remove across the frontier.

## Canada and the Royal Colonial Institute

It would be a matter for sincere regret if the interest of Canadians in the Royal Colonial Institute fell off in any way, and yet it looks as if such were the case. At the last ordinary general meeting, held a few weeks ago, 35 Non-Resident Fellows of the Institute were elected, representing almost every British possession under the sun, except Canada; not a single application from residents of British North America was presented. Twenty-three of the number came from Australia, the other twelve from different colonies. When we consider the relatively large measure of attention devoted in the publications of the Institute to Canadian topics, and the position Canada holds as the largest and most populous (excluding India) portion of the British Empire outside of the Mother-country, it seems surprising that more Canadians are not asked to join and aid the Institute in its work. We fear that the Honorary Corresponding Secretaries for Canada—who come, men of high standing in the Dominion, from Quebec to Victoria—are remiss in their duty; the position is of little use unless its occupant does some practical work in aiding the extension of the Institute's membership, and placing its objects and aims prominently before the public. We note that the Maritime Provinces are not represented by a Corresponding Secretary, and would suggest the advisability of appointing one at both Halifax and St. John. Both provinces are thoroughly loyal to British connection, and should certainly be brought into close touch with such an organization as the Royal Canadian Institute. There is no doubt but that the membership can be largely increased all through Canada if efforts are made in that direction by its representatives; at no time has there existed a stronger feeling among all classes in favour of Imperial consolidation, and of means and measures tending in that direction.

## The Toronto Macdonald Memorial.

We are glad to note that the MACDONALD MEMORIAL Committee of Toronto is meeting with such success in its noble work of raising a befitting memorial to the memory of our great statesman. But while much has been done, there is still a large sum required to carry out the work the committee has so energetically undertaken. Its members earnestly appeal to the many thousands of admirers and lovers of the grand old Chief slain living in Toronto and its vicinity to assist in raising a memorial that shall be a credit to the city and district. It is hoped that the plea of poverty will keep no one from contributing to this fund; any sum will be accepted. The policy inaugurated by SIR JOHN MACDONALD worked wonders for Toronto, and every citizen should feel it a personal duty to aid in the erection of a token of respect to his memory. The Mayor, MR. E. F. CLARKE, M.P.P., is chairman of the committee, MR. FRANK TURNER, C.E., is treasurer, and MR. J. CASTELL HOPKINS is secretary.

## CHRISTMAS.

It may seem rather premature to talk about Christmas in this hot weather, but we wish to impress on our readers the fact that we intend issuing early in December, the most superb holiday souvenir that has yet been offered to the Canadian public. In supplements, it will be unusually rich presenting features that have never been approached by any paper, while in general artistic and literary excellence it will be the event of the season.





## WHEN THE SHADOWS FLEE AWAY.

This is called "A Story of Canadian Society," and a very creditable story it is. The style is abrupt and lacks the easy finish that is essential to first-class work; the use of the verbs is irregular, the narrative reading at some places as if the actions were completed, and at other points as if going on concurrently with the story; but in mentioning these defects we state all that exist. The plot is excellent, and the interest is well sustained throughout; many incidents and situations of much interest are introduced, notably one of a tobogganing party at Rideau Hall; there is also an excellent and vivid description of a steeple-chase. Of the characters we can speak in equal terms of praise. The heroine, Miss Lestrangle, Anstruther, Ardor, William Arthurs—all are natural and act their parts in proper order. The scenes at the trial, and the incidents leading up to it, are told simply, and yet with distinct effect; while the thrilling details of life in the North-West during the rebellion will enchain the attention of even the most casual reader. A good tone pervades the book, and altogether it is greatly superior to the average summer novel. Montreal: John Lovell & Son.

## MAUPRAT.

By George Sand. An excellent translation of this well known work is now offered to the public. Miss H. E. Miller, the translator, has done the work faithfully, fully preserving the fire and spirit of the writer as well as verbal accuracy. The story is essentially French in plot and character, and the heroine, Edmee, will be found a good type of a country gentlewoman of France in pre-Revolutionary times. The character of the hero, Mauprat, is bold, and drawn to the life; his adventures are well told, and the interest of the narrative does not flag. The work is well printed, and is embellished with handsome photographs. Chicago: Laird & Lee.

## THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The August issue of this excellent magazine begins with the continuation of a story that will be read with special interest by Canadians, "The Lady of Fort St. John," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, dealing with one of the most picturesque periods of our history. Dr. Lea's "A Colonial Inquisitor," is a valuable exposé of life in an Inquisition-governed city of Spanish America, two centuries ago. "Notes from the Wild Garden" and "Two Little Drummers," are two charming papers, dealing with natural history and its suggestions. By students of military biography, Mr. Ropes' sketch of "General Sherman" will be much appreciated. Other papers of interest are "The Queen's Closet Opened,"—a very pleasant gossip on the medicine and medical men in vogue in New England two hundred years ago. "The Reform of the Senate," "Six Centuries of Self-Government," and "The Oppression of Notes." In fiction, Mr. Stockton's "The House of Martha," is continued, and Mr. Henry James contributes an excellent short story under the vague title "The Marriages." Poetry and reviews complete a good number. Boston: Houghton, Hafflin & Co.

## LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

The issue of this journal for 15th August contains, as usual, the cream of the English magazines. To Canadians, the article on "Sir John Macdonald," from the *Fortnightly Review*, will be of special interest; while two others, which treat of the new Australian Confederacy, also deserve our special attention. Other articles are "The Eve of St. John in a Deserted Chalet," from *Blackwood*, "Reminiscences of Sir Richard Burton," from *Temple Bar*; "Autographs," from *Longman's Magazine*; "Woodlands," from the *Nineteenth Century*; "Punch and His Artists," from the *Contemporary* (an unusually interesting article), and "Grasse in Spring," from *Belgravia*. There are also several good poems. Boston: Littell & Co.

## THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

The July and August numbers of this magazine duly reached our desk, and were found to have the usual quota of bright and cheerful articles. The strong historical vein that runs through many of the papers makes them of especial interest to those interested in the early days of American life. In July, the State of Maine receives a very laudatory notice from the pen of Hon. Nelson Dingley;

others of note are "The Natural Bridge of Virginia" and "Schliemann's Discoveries in Hellas"—all beautifully illustrated throughout. "Emerson's Views on Reform" is an article well worthy a careful reading. A very pretty poem is "The Daisies," although marred by the harsh and un-English word "rooster" in the second verse. In the beginning of the August number, an excessively flattering notice of "Canada and the Canadian Question" is made the text for some very silly remarks on Canada's future—in that respect not unlike a paper on the same subject that appeared in the July number. The State of Vermont is the subject of a long and well written article by Mr. Albert Clarke, illustrated profusely and in good taste. "Bennington and its Battle" is a very interesting account of the fight of 16th August, 1777, in honour of which a monument was dedicated only a few days ago. The best article in the number is, we think, "In the Footprints of Burgoyne's Army," by Mr. N. H. Chamberlain; written in a calm and scholarly manner, it will well repay a close perusal. An article on "The Literature of the White Mountains," by Mr. Downes, is very pleasant reading, and the many illustrations give it an additional charm. Boston: The New England Magazine Corporation.

## JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE.

The monthly issue of the proceedings of this Institute is a great improvement; those interested can see every month the valuable papers read at the meetings, instead of waiting a whole year. The July number contains a very readable paper on Matabeleland and Mashonaland, by Rev. T. H. Surridge, which gives an admirable description of these countries about which most people's ideas are extremely vague and their knowledge extremely limited. The report of last meeting is also given, in which we notice a very feeling reference to Canada's late Premier, Sir John Macdonald, by the chairman, Sir Frederick Young, calling attention to the great loss that the empire had sustained in the removal of so gifted and so able a statesman. Reviews, notices, &c., complete the number. London: Royal Col. Institute, Northumberland Avenue.

## NIGHT AND DAY.

Dr. Bernardo's philanthropic work in the rescue of the young from the London slums is voiced in a little magazine with the above title. The August number gives thrilling details of the wretchedness in which his recruits are found, and of the new life in which Christian generosity is training them to be useful and self-supporting citizens. London: Dr. Barnardo, 18 Stepney Causeway, E.



## VILLENEUVE PLACE.

The residence of Philip Low, Esq., is beautifully situated on the harbour of Picton, Ontario, on the picturesque and historic Bay of Quinte, now the highway for the Richelieu steamers through the Murray canal. The County of Prince Edward is becoming a summer resort and bids fair to excel the Thousand Islands from the variety of its many attractions—the Lake of the Mountain, the Sand Banks, Hay Bay and various inland lakes abounding in fish and good shooting. Mr. Low's property consists of about 25 acres of hill and dale, extensive gardens and orchards, with a lodge and winding avenue and an extensive pine grove fronting on the Bay.

## ST. BERNARD COMMANDERY K. T., CHICAGO.

On July 27 St. Bernard Commandery No. 35, Knights Templar, of Chicago, to the number of seventy or thereabouts, including the ladies of the party, made a descent upon Hamilton. At the city hall an address of welcome was delivered by Mayor McLellan, and throughout their stay of several days every effort was put forth by the citizens to make the visit one of enjoyment. They saw the city, were taken to Niagara Falls and also enjoyed a grand banquet at the drill hall, Hamilton. The Sir Knights of Godfrey de Bouillon Commandery, Hamilton, exerted themselves to the utmost to fill the hours with pleasure for their Chicago brethren, and one of the pleasing features of the occasion was a grand procession in which both joined. The visitors were delighted with their reception, and so heartily expressed themselves. The affair was one of those international events which it does not worry or annoy us to think about, and of which either country can stand almost any

amount with equanimity. From Hamilton the Chicago party went for a short excursion into the Muskoka lake region before returning home.

## THE HAMILTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Canada is singularly deficient in free public libraries; those in Toronto and Hamilton are far ahead of any others in the Dominion. We reproduce a photograph of the interior of the reading room in the latter institution. In our issue of 4th of October last, we presented a view of the exterior of the building, which had then been recently opened. At the end of last year the library contained 14,577 volumes, of which 5,751 had been acquired in 1890; should the growth continue in the same proportion, the city will soon possess a large and very valuable collection of books, open freely to all residents of Hamilton. The general reading rooms contains 145 papers and magazines, free of access to all comers without any formality, and in constant use. Mr. R. F. Lancefield is the able and energetic librarian, and is backed by a staff of courteous assistants.

## HAMILTON COURT HOUSE.

This is a beautiful and massive building situated on Court House Square, between King street and the Mountain. It was built in 1878, and contains ample accommodation for the officials and duties connected with the administration of justice for Hamilton and the adjacent district.

## SCENES ON THE ST. FRANCIS.

The village of Lennoxville, P.Q., so well known to many students and school-boys—or who have been such—is one of the prettiest places in the Province, and some very charming scenery in the vicinity delights the visitor's eye. The river St. Francis, which flows through the place is a very pretty stream, too small and shallow for navigation by craft of any large size, but deep and wide enough (at places) for the sportsman's canoe and light skiff. Here and there fishing and bathing can be indulged in, although we fear that the result of the angler's exertions would compare unfavourably with the product of the Miramichi or the Restigouche. Youngsters, such as shown in the engraving, with branch of tree and bent pin generally have most luck.

## THE KINGSTON GRAVING DOCK.

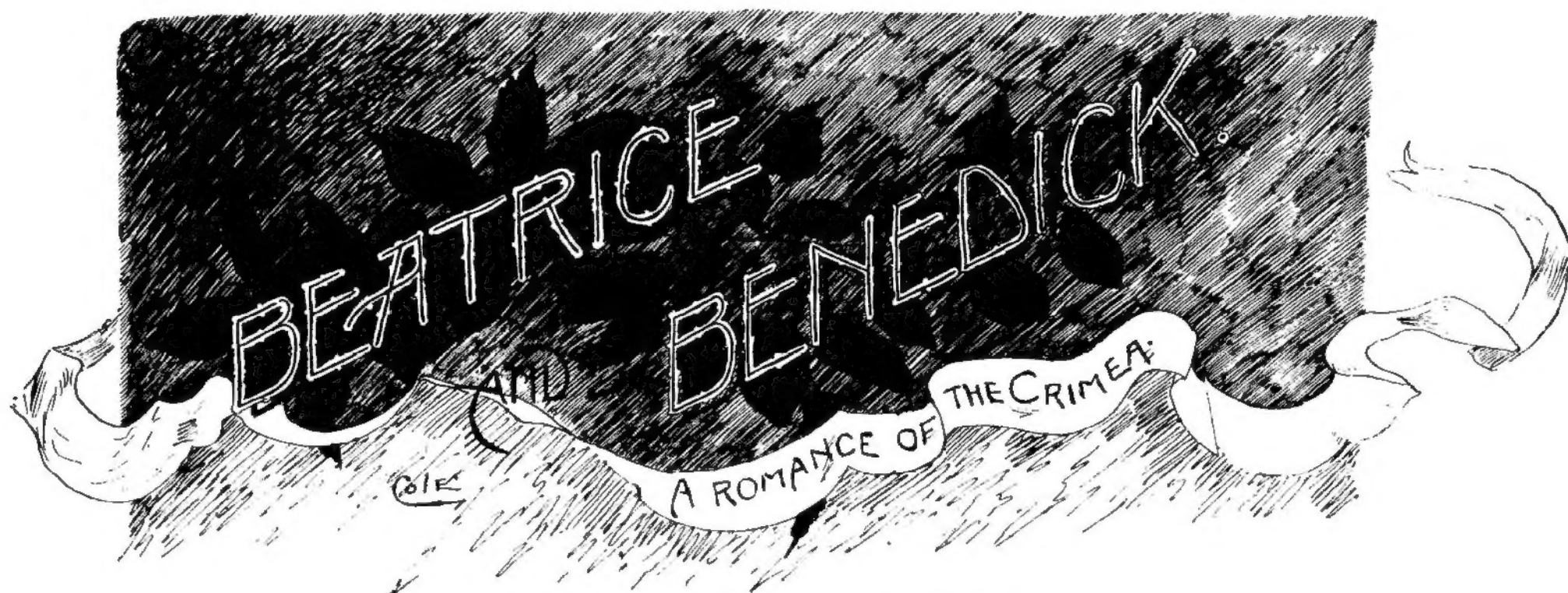
A view of this work, which has suddenly leaped into such notoriety, may be of interest to our readers. The cost to date has been \$450,000; it is 280 feet long, 70 feet wide at bottom, 48 feet wide at entrances, expanding to a width of 72 feet in the body of the dock, and is capacious enough for the largest vessels that float on Lake Ontario. We deeply regret being unable to present a portrait of Mr. Andrew C. Bancroft, the well-known and highly-esteemed contractor, who aided in the building of the dock. The work is almost completed, with the exception of the removal of the cofferdam, which has still to be done.

## SCENES AT THE LACROSSE MATCH, MONTREAL VS. STATEN ISLAND, 22ND AUGUST.

The interest in our national game is extending rapidly in Great Britain and the United States. It is not long since a team from Ireland came over and gave our clubs the opportunity of beating them in a very gentlemanly and pleasant way, and last week we were favoured with a visit from a leading American club who did their best to show the Montreal twelve how to play lacrosse. That they failed was no fault of theirs; they played an excellent game throughout, which was marred by no disputes or rough work on either side. The visitors wore a handsome uniform of black jerseys and white knickers; their names were: A. Douglas, R. Mathews, C. Whiting, T. King, M. McLain, E. C. Chapman, J. P. Curry, L. Moses, W. G. Meharg, A. D. Ritchey, D. Brown, H. Mathews. In the absence of their own captain, Mr. E. H. Brown, of the M.A.A.A., took charge of the visiting team; there was a large and fashionable attendance. The result of the match was six games for Montreal against two for the Staten Islanders. We hope that at a return match the figures will be reversed: a decisive victory over a club like Montreal by an American team would probably greatly aid the cause of lacrosse in the United States.

It was a young naval officer who made the famous reply to Pope. He had ventured to suggest in a discussion of the correct rendering of a certain Greek line that an interrogation point placed after the line might throw light on its meaning. Pope turned sharply on him, and said, in his well-known supercilious manner, "And perhaps you will tell us what an interrogation point is?" "Oh," answered the officer, "I thought every one knew it was a little crooked thing that asks questions."—*San Francisco Argonaut*.





BY HAWLEY SMART.

Author of "Breezie Langton," "At Fault," "Tie and Trick," "Long Odds," "Without Love or Licence," &c., &c.

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### CHAPTER III.—BLUE BEARD'S CHAMBER.



MISS Smerdon had become a great favourite with the Doctor, and his daughter would often say jestingly that Frances could turn him round her finger. Indeed, Nellie sometimes affected to be jealous, and declared that she believed her friend would wind up by becoming her mamma. This, however, was the merest badinage; still the young lady was undoubtedly a great favourite with the Doctor, and could coax him into pretty nearly what she pleased. On one point only was the Doctor inflexible; he would not show her what she denominated "Blue Beard's chamber." She had asked to see it in the first instance in the idlest spirit of curiosity. It was a wet day. She felt dull, or something of that sort. The Doctor parried her request in good-humoured fashion. He read her a lecture on the sin of being inquisitive, but he did not show her his den. This only stimulated the girl's desire to see the inside of the laboratory. She returned to the charge again and again, and though Frances was always assured the Doctor could refuse her nothing, she discovered that he could, and most decidedly too. Francis Smerdon said nothing; she did not even tell her friend, but she registered a vow in her own breast that if she ever got the opportunity, she would investigate the laboratory pretty thoroughly. She questioned Nellie as to whether she had ever been inside it, and the girl's reply was only once, and then for a very few minutes. "I never was in any other laboratory, but I suppose they are all much alike. A sort of cooking-range, a small furnace, and all sorts of queer-shaped bottles."

Miss Smerdon considered. She also had never seen a laboratory.

"I recollect," she murmured, "hearing a gentleman say, it was with regard to invitations, that he always went everywhere he was asked, once, on the same principle that you should see everything once; of course, therefore, it's my business to see a laboratory once if I can." However an opportunity to get inside the Doctor's den did not seem likely to present itself. She had coaxed him, and pledged herself not to be frightened at anything she might see inside, even skeletons; but it was no use; the Doctor was inflexible. She enquired of Nellie if anybody was ever admitted there.

"A few pupils of chemistry who come to him from the outside and whom I never see, and also Phybbs, the housemaid, but Phybbs' visits are rare, and are only made under my father's immediate superintendence."

From that instant Phybbs became invested with considerable interest in the eyes of Miss Smerdon,

as one versed in the Asian mysteries. She even condescended to converse with Phybbs on the subject, which was quite contrary to Miss Smerdon's usual habits, as though considerate she was given to keeping a stiff upper lip with servants. It was odd that her curiosity should be so excited about such a trifle, but she was a rather spoilt young woman, accustomed to have her own way in everything, and moreover it is just about these very trifles we do become so painfully exercised. What she had gathered from Nellie and Phybbs ought to have satisfied her but it did not. The Doctor spent a great deal of his time in his laboratory, and Frances Smerdon pictured him as perpetually transmuting baser metals into gold, seeking for the philosopher's stone, or indulging in the darker mysteries of the Rosicrucians. Who were these pupils that Nellie spoke of? Disciples, of course, she ought to have called them; for, gifted with a vivid imagination, Miss Smerdon was rapidly investing the Doctor with supernatural powers, and believing him to be the head of a sect. She was a girl with a very romantic kink in her brain, and had built all these visions in her own mind on the plain prosaic fact that her host was an elderly gentleman, who dabbled in chemistry, and did not want his retorts and machinery meddled with.

However, Miss Smerdon had not much time to indulge in further imaginings. The embarkation of the troops had caused a feeling through England that she did not perhaps make enough of her soldiers. If we were going to war—and practical people said we were virtually at war at that very time, although, perhaps, not a shot would be fired—still it behoved the nation to send forth her army handsomely. There might be bitter tears to shed, even over victories, should real fighting ever begin; but at the present moment there was a deal of "Rule Britannia" about, "Britons never, never shall be slaves," and all that sort of thing. It was right that our young heroes should be feasted before going into the lists—destined to be heroes in real earnest, too, whether in life or death, many of them. But all this was in futurity. At present the banners waved, the bands played, the crowd cheered, the officers dined and danced, and war was apparently one of the most light-hearted of pastimes. There had been much talk of giving a great ball to the regiment which the —th had relieved, but soldiers get scant warning on these occasions, and unfortunately the proposed guests were packed off to the East a little before the date fixed for the entertainment. "What was to be done?" said the committee. "We have excited society in Manchester, and society must be satisfied. Postpone the ball we may, to put it off altogether is impossible." Then arose in that committee a hard, practical man, who opined that one regi-

ment was as good as another—in his heart he considered they were all expensive encumbrances. As long as the Manchester ladies got their ball they would be content. As long as their partners have red coats, girls don't trouble their heads about who is inside of them. Ask the new regiment instead of the old, it will all come to the same thing. And so it came about that no sooner had they appeared in Manchester than the —th found themselves fêted in all directions. It was necessary, of course, to make the acquaintance of the new-comers before the ball, given in their honour, took place. The young ladies of the city were most positive on this point, and the result was the humblest subaltern of the —th found himself committed to as many engagements as in these days falls to the lot of an African explorer.

"I tell you what, old man," exclaimed Byng, as he lounged in the ante-room one morning after parade, "it's well for you that you hadn't two or three weeks in Manchester before you backed yourself for your big walk. They can't mean us for active service, or they would never have sent us to such a Capua as this. Last night's the fifth night I've dined out this week. Do you? Well, if turtle, champagne, punch—"

"Are little comforts you will find Government don't provide on active service," exclaimed Fleming, laughing.

"No," returned the other. "By the way, I took into dinner a very nice-looking girl, who manifested an undue interest in your worthy self—Miss Lynden."

"Don't know her—never even heard of her," replied Hugh Fleming, sententiously.

"Well, you needn't crow, young man. She never saw you but once, and whatever you may think of your personal appearance, you weren't looking your best then."

"When was that?" asked Hugh.

"She saw you finish your match," replied Byng. "Didn't look much of it myself just then, but you—a shambling, broken-down tramp was the only possible description of you."

"Don't be personal, man," rejoined Hugh. "I've a hazy recollection of passing a carriage with some ladies in it. I wonder how she knew my name?"

"Oh, she was staying with the Smerdons. She often stays with them, and you were a local celebrity for a few days, remember. Miss Smerdon was there last night. Everyone was raving about this ball. I tell you what, my children," continued Byng, addressing the little knot of officers in the ante-room, "soldiers are up, they've touched about the top price they've ever been at since I've been in service. Manchester is popularly supposed to abound in heiresses—obvious deduction. Take



advantage of your opportunities, and bless you, etc." And here Byng extended his hands after the manner of the conventional stage father.

The evening of the ball arrived. It really had aroused great enthusiasm. Romantic young ladies declared it put them in mind of the Duchess of Richmond's famous ball at Brussels the night before Waterloo, looked up "Childe Harold," and quoted—

"There was mounting in hot haste."

But these were the exception. Generally the younger portion of the community looked forward to a capital dance, and the elder to a capital supper. Miss Smerdon and Nellie were of course there under the charge of Mrs. Montague, and Miss Smerdon was most thoroughly mistress of the situation. Not only had Mrs. Montague a large

all the same. I'll admit that in a vulgar sense, you are discounting your laurels before you've won them, but you will have your opportunity before long, and English women have no doubt about English soldiers winning the bays when the chance comes."

"Very prettily put, Miss Lynden, but you may do any amount of hard fighting without distinguishing yourself."

"You're a little selfish, Mr. Fleming," said the young lady, smiling. "As the individual, yes; as a regiment, no; and you soldiers are very proud of the corps to which you belong, are you not?"

"Yes, there are two things a man seldom loses his sympathy for, his old school, and his old regiment. While he's in it, it's the one regiment."

"Yes, I've seen enough of your military men to know that."

with only herself to depend upon. Indeed Frances Smerdon was the only intimate friend of her own sex she had ever made; and there was one side of Frances' character she was incapable of understanding, and that was the imaginative side of her disposition. People of this very sanguine temperament can never control themselves, nor even in old age utterly abandon the habit. They build their castles in the air on the largest scale and upon the slenderest foundations, and constantly as these Chateaux d'Espagne come tumbling about their ears they are neither discouraged nor disconcerted.

"Well, Miss Lynden," said Fleming, as, their valse finished, he took his charge back to her chaperon, "I hope your prophecy may prove true—that we shall have the opportunity of winning our laurels before the year's out, and also that in-



"He whirled her off to the spiriting strains of 'The Sturm March.'"

acquaintance, but Frances was well known and popular with the officers of the —th. The two girls were speedily in great request, and it was not long before Miss Smerdon brought up Hugh Fleming to be introduced to her friend.

"Capital ball, Miss Lynden," said Fleming, as he led her away to join the dancers, "but Manchester strikes me as having gone mad. The whole thing seems so utterly unreal. I can't help feeling that I am the shallowest of imposters."

"I don't understand you," said the girl. "What I mean is this," said Fleming, "Manchester is feting us, dining us, giving us this ball, all just as if we'd done something. Not only we haven't, not only we never may, but we may never even have the chance. I always feel that I am dining out under false pretences."

"Very proper of you to say so, but you're wrong

"One of our weaknesses," laughed Fleming, as he put his arm round her waist, and whirled her off to the spiriting strains of the "Sturm March."

Nell Lynden was looking extremely well that evening. If not a pretty girl, she was, at all events, a decidedly attractive one, as with dark chestnut hair, bright hazel eyes, good teeth, and a neat figure, she could not well help being

She was not accomplished, but there were some two or three things that Nell could do to perfection. Her waltzing was the poetry of motion. She had not much voice, but to hear her warble an old English ballad in those low contralto tones of hers would stir most men's pulses. She was a very self-reliant girl, partly by nature, but still more so by her bringing up. She had never met with ill-treatment or unkindness, but for all that she had always regarded herself as a friendless little Arab,

dividually I shall be quick enough to snatch at mine when the chance comes."

"You've got one grand quality for a soldier, Mr. Fleming," replied the girl, laughing,—"dogged pertinacity. You would never have won that walking match if you hadn't. It would be hard to convince you that you were beaten, about anything."

"I don't like giving in," replied Hugh.

"Neither do I," returned the girl. "We are both what our friends, Mr. Fleming, call obstinate."

That the war should be the ruling topic of conversation was inevitable. A considerable part of the English people still found it difficult to believe that we really were at war—destined to remain in that belief, too, for some months to come. The men of that time knew from their fathers how England had rung with the news of victories, when the century was young, and fully expected news



of a great battle before six weeks were over. But things are not done quite so quickly as all that. Where to bring off a fight used to be a knotty problem in the latter days of the prize ring, and this was just the point which at the present moment puzzled our rulers. Russia told us vaguely to come on, but had inconsiderately forgotten to name where the combat was to take place.

Miss Smerdon, as we know, had no belief that there would ever be actual hostilities, and she was rather chaffing Byng on obtaining hospitality under false pretences. Indeed it really was a joke in the regiment at their being fêted, mainly because their predecessors had been sent campaigning.

"Ah, you can chaff us, Miss Smerdon," said Byng, "but we really have a good deal the best of the joke; you see we've got the cakes and ale, and may never gather the laurels."

"There, never mind the war," replied Frances, "let's talk about something else. You know Miss Lynden, you've met her at our house."

"Certainly," rejoined Byng. "Is thy servant blind that he could forget her?"

"Have you ever met Dr. Lynden?"

"Only once, and that was at a small bachelor dinner, and how I was included in that to the present moment I can't imagine. They were a scientific lot, and how they came to think that a Captain of Infantry was a savant, I can't conceive."

"Now tell me all about it, Captain Byng. This interests me."

"More than it did me," rejoined the soldier. "They talked a good deal about things a little over my head. Nothing for it but the old magpie dodge, you know. I didn't talk much, but I thought the more, I know I got through no end of claret."

"Nonsense, Captain Byng, you must know what they talked about, and I particularly want to know."

"Well, chemical discoveries, new beliefs, and all sorts of things you never hear at a mess-table. Bless if I don't think every one of the party had a religion of his own—"

"Except yourself," said Miss Smerdon, sweetly, "but you surely can recollect some of the talk if you try, Captain Byng."

"Indeed, I can't, my sole recollection of that evening was, that it was dull; that the claret was good, and that I was there by mistake."

"It's very provoking. You know I am staying here with the Lydens. The Doctor is a charming old man, but I'm dreadfully curious about him."

"Clever old fellow," said Byng, "they were all too clever for me, but I'm bound to say I don't think Dr. Lynden would have gone on propounding his rigmorle theories if the others had left him alone."

"I only wish I had had half your opportunity," rejoined Miss Smerdon. "Now take me back to Mrs. Montague please, for its getting late, and I daresay she's wanting to go home."

Byng did as he was bid, and as he wished his fair partner "good night," marvelled much in what way he had missed his opportunities. It was impossible for him to know the theory that Miss Smerdon's vivid imagination had conceived concerning her host, and that she regarded Captain Byng as having been present at a secret conclave of adepts in mysticism.

#### CHAPTER IV.—CONSTABLE TARRANT

"You see, Pollie, I'm a man of intellect, that's what I am. I may be only an ordinary police-constable now, but my chance will come, and then you'll see a lot about that 'active and intelligent officer,' and all the other clap-trap."

"Of course you are, Dick, everybody knows you are awfully clever," and Miss Phybbs looked admiringly at the sandy-haired young man in a policeman's uniform, with whom she was walking.

Constable Tarrant looked at her suspiciously for a moment. He was quite aware his talents were not so universally admitted as Polly suggested. But he was a young man with a very excellent opinion of himself, and though, during the two years he had been in the force, nothing had taken place to afford any grounds for the belief, he was certainly firmly impressed with the idea that he was destined to achieve greatness in the career upon which he had embarked. Polly Phybbs was

a thin-lipped, black beady-eyed young woman, a trustworthy, capable servant and with no weakness about her excepting her love for this cousin of hers, Richard Tarrant. Whatever he said was law to her. She was four or five years his senior, and he had made love to her from the time he was fifteen, not very disinterested love either, for from the very commencement, he had utilized her in every possible way. He invested her with the general supervision of his wardrobe, let her wait upon him, and work for him, and spent a considerable portion of her wages for her to boot. A sharp, hard working girl, she was never long out of a good situation, and might by this have saved money if it had not been for her infatuation for her cousin; she would though she was on all other matters, on this point she was blind. Though a smart looking girl, with a rather neat figure, nobody could call her good-looking. It might be that she attracted no other sweetheart, but certain it is that she had been for the last seven or eight years completely devoted to Richard Tarrant. When after having failed twice or thrice in his attempts to get a living, Dick succeeded in getting into the police force, she quite believed that it was due to the display of considerable talent on his part, and felt quite sure that he would sooner or later distinguish himself. She was not pledged to be married to him, but he was her young man, and she quite understood that they would be married some of these days—some of these days being interpreted into such time as she should have saved money enough to start house-keeping on.

"Now," said Dick, "you see in my profession"—Police Constable Tarrant was given to speaking grandiloquently of his calling—"a fellow's only got to keep his eyes open, and his turn must come. Now you know, Polly, I always was a regular winner for observing."

Polly dutifully assented, although she could call to mind no particular recollection of this faculty in her cousin.

"I notice everything. If I see a chap loitering, I says to myself at once: 'Now, what's he loitering for?' He don't gammon me that he's tired and his boots hurt him. 'On you go, my man,' says I. Bless you, he might be keeping watch while two or three of his pals commit a burglary. No, no, my eye is everywhere, and when your eye's everywhere you're bound—well you're bound to see something at last," concluded Mr. Tarrant, rather impotently.

It did not occur to Polly that in a big city like Manchester those gimlet eyes of Constable Tarrant's ought, in the course of two years, to have detected crime of some nature. Dick had never told her of any such success, neither had he told her of a pretty sharp reprimand he had received from his superiors when a gentleman's watch was snatched almost under his very nose, without attracting his observation.

"Now," resumed Tarrant, "This master of yours is a queer sort of a man. What can he want with a side door to his house? You see all these villa residences are built exactly alike, except your house. Now, who is Dr. Lynden that he should have a side door all to himself? That's what I want to know."

"Lor', Dick, my master's as quiet an old gentleman as you'd meet anywhere; there's no harm in him."

"That's your unsuspecting nature," replied the constable, loftily. "The law is suspicious; the police, which is an arm of the law, is suspicious too—me, I'm suspicious—it's my duty."

"I tell you what, it's all nonsense your being suspicious of master; and as for Miss Lynden, she is as sweet a young lady as ever I saw—"

"Don't rile me, Polly; you'll make me suspicious of you next. I tell you, sometimes when I've been hanging about here after you, I've seen two or three suspicious characters go in at that side door."

"What do you call suspicious characters, Dick?"

"They were men," replied Constable Tarrant, glaring at his companion in a most Othello-like manner.

"Some of master's chemical friends most likely," suggested Miss Phybbs.

"Friends! Lovers—lovers of yours!" exclaimed Tarrant, with a burst of well acted jealousy.

"Now, don't be foolish, Dick; you know I care for nobody but you. Men do come in at times by that door to see master. It was built on purpose; they are friends interested in his experiments, and go straight to the chemical room without going through the house."

"Polly," said Tarrant, endeavouring to call up a look of preternatural sagacity, "your master's conduct is suspicious. It's your duty to the public to keep your eye on him. It's your duty to me to keep your eye on him."

"I assure you you're all wrong. My master's a quiet, harmless old gentleman, who shuts himself up with his pots and pans, and blows himself up occasionally. I go in now and then, when he's there, but bless you, there's nothing to see in the room."

"It's not likely a woman would see anything in it. It would look very different, no doubt, to a police officer."

"But what is it you suspect the Doctor of doing?"

"That's it," replied Constable Tarrant, "I suspect him; it doesn't signify what of, at present. Keep your eye on him, Polly."

Polly laughed as she replied: "Of course I will, if you tell me to, and now I must run away. Kiss me, Dick, before I go, and don't be long before you come and see me again." And their embrace over, Miss Phybbs sped home conscious that she had considerably exceeded the time for which she had been granted leave of absence.

"I don't know what he's up to. I don't know what his little game is, but the circumstances are suspicious," said Mr. Tarrant, as he walked quickly back to his own dwelling. "Let's reckon it all up," he continued, stopping and placing the forefinger of his right hand solemnly on the palm of his left. "First, you've a doctor with no visible means of earning his living; verdict on that, rum, and I only wish I knew how he did it. Secondly, he has a private room, into which nobody is ever allowed to go, rummer. Lastly, he's a private stair and a private door, what's he want with a private door? rummer. Men go in by day, what goes in by night?" There was a pause of some seconds, and then Mr. Tarrant suddenly laid the forefinger of his right hand against the side of his nose, winked at an imaginary audience, and ejaculated "Bodies!"

Doctor Lynden meanwhile continues the harmless tenor of his way, dining out occasionally, and for the most part with the savants of Manchester, among whom he is now generally well-known. He spends a good deal of time in his laboratory, in experiments presumably, the result of which has not yet been published to the outside world. That Miss Smerdon had a strong girlish curiosity to see the inside of his den he knows, but he little thinks what that imaginative young lady pictures his real life. Still further would he have been astonished to hear that a rather thick-headed young policeman was also taking a lively interest in his proceedings. At the former he would probably have only laughed, but had he been cognisant of the latter, he would doubtless have been seriously annoyed. Nobody cares to be under the observation of the police—the guilty naturally dislike it; the innocent fiercely resent it;—but to find oneself under the self-imposed surveillance of a young police constable would exasperate most men. Fortunately for his peace of mind, Doctor Lynden is in blissful ignorance of there even being such a person as Police Constable Tarrant, at present.

But the summer slips away: Miss Smerdon has long ago gone back to her home. The army has moved from Gallipoli to Varna, but still those bulletins of "Glorious victory" for which the British public yearn are not forthcoming. The cavalry has lost a good many men and horses from an expedition into the unhealthy Dobrutschka, but of actual crossing of swords and exchanging shots there is yet no sign; still rumour has it that both French and English fleets, with innumerable transports, have all been collected at Varna, that such a flotilla has not been seen since the days of the Armada; and, indeed, that probably would have seemed a very small affair compared to that assembled in the Black Sea under the flags of the allies.



Russia has long ago yielded the naval supremacy, and is destined ere long to make grim reparation to the Turks for Sinope, by voluntarily sinking her own fleet in the mouth of Sebastopol Harbour. That an expedition of some sort has been decided upon, that the combined forces of French and English are about to embark and the war to commence in bitter earnest, is now well-known, though the exact destination of the expedition is kept as secret as possible. But let it land where it will, it will be upon Russian soil, and that a pitched battle will speedily follow is confidently predicted. This time the Quid Nuncs are right; another week or two, and all England will ring with the victory of the Alma. A little longer, and men look grimly and women weep over those terrible lists of killed and wounded which inevitably follow all glorious victories. Men think sadly of many a good fellow who they will never clasp hands with more, and maidens think sadly of friends who had been rather more than friends to them but a few months back; and who they had dreamed might in the future be something dearer still. But those who conduct wars have no time for sentiment; the ravening monster requires perpetual fresh food for his insatiable maw, and the sole thought of the authorities is how the losses are to be made good—how to fill the places of those who have fallen; and it was already evident to all military men that to find the necessary reinforcements will tax our small army to the utmost. Men who are fretting their hearts out because they have been so far "left out of the dance" grew jubilant. They feel that it cannot be long now before they are called upon to bear their part. Then comes the false report of the fall of Sebastopol, and these restless spirits are filled with alarm lest the whole thing should be over without their having anything to do with it. But that canard is soon exploded, and when the real state of things becomes known England generally awakes to the fact that this is no military promenade, but that if she is seeking a big war she has got it. A few weeks more, and home comes the story of Inkerman, and when the bulletins of that glorious but grisly battle are read—accounts of such fierce hand to hand fighting as recalled the storming of Badajoz, and other such scenes in the Peninsular war—sensible men could no longer doubt we were committed to the biggest struggle we had been engaged in since the Titan was caged at St. Helena. The country has woke up in earnest now and not only is every available soldier in the United Kingdom hurried to the front, but, from all parts of the Empire, England's sons are summoned to her aid.

It is needless to say that the —th had received marching orders; they were to go to Malta in the first instance, thence to be pushed on to the Crimea in the early spring. Hard-worked and hard-pressed though the army at the front was, yet the authorities found they were hard put to it to feed it, dreadfully depleted though its ranks were.

Some months had elapsed since that great ball which inaugurated their arrival in Manchester had been given to Her Majesty's —th, and in that time the officers had naturally become intimate with the people of the place. Miss Lynden for instance had become well known to several of them, but the most persistent visitor at the Doctor's house was Hugh Fleming. He made no disguise to himself that he was falling deeply in love. He knew, and if he didn't it would have been for no want of telling that what his chum, Tom Byng, was continually dinning in his ears was true, that there was no higher pinnacle of folly than the committal of matrimony by a subaltern in the army, but as matters stood at present all love-making ought to be punishable by court martial; that the idea of a man who is just going out to fight for his Queen and country, for pay and plunder, for glory and promotion, whispering love speeches was criminal with no extenuating circumstances, and deserved to be met by placing a bandage round the culprit's eyes and interviewing him with a few file of loaded muskets, at the back of the barrack square.

"Why do I tell you all this, young un? Why do I keep pitching into you, you — it, because you want it. You're getting spoons, disgusting spoons, awful spoons, on Miss Lynden; that's a

nice thing to do, as things are at present, for a young man who is legally supposed to have come to years of discretion."

"Shut up, Tom, we're old friends, and I don't want to quarrel, but I won't hear anything against Miss Lynden."

"Who wants to say anything against Miss Lynden? She is just the nicest girl I know, and that's the only excuse for your selfishness and folly. I suppose you think you're behaving well to the girl you profess to love by bringing her heart into her mouth every time she hears the newsman yelling out, 'Glorious victory,' to make her heart jump and her colour come and go whenever she hears the Crimean mail is in, and finally to make her cry her eyes out because your worthless carcass has been riddled by Russian bullets."

"Well, Tom," rejoined Fleming laughing, "it's to be devoutly hoped that you are not gifted with second-sight, because the view you are taking of my immediate future is, to put it mildly, unpleasant. Why am I more likely to be shot than you, I should like to know? You're much more likely to run your thick head into danger than I am."

"A palpably miserable evasion of the question," returned Byng. "You're getting desperate spoony on Miss Lynden, and worse still, you are letting her know it. It's not right; bottle your feelings up, repress your emotions as I do; do you suppose you're the only fellow who's —" and here the speaker stopped abruptly, conscious of having in his zeal said more than he meant.

"No other fellow what?" ejaculated Fleming in considerable surprise.

"Never mind, nothing, remember what I have said, drop making love to Miss Lynden," and with these words, Byng somewhat hastily left his friend's rooms.

I daresay Byng's advice was theoretically good, but human nature is wont to play the very deuce with theories. There is nothing like a big war to precipitate matters of this kind, and it is just where the love words ought not to be spoken that our feelings get beyond our control, and those love words slip out which are never forgotten. Ah, well, I doubt if those from whose eyes the tears are destined to flow, those who are doomed to mourn their dead, would have had it otherwise. There is something sweet in those sorrowful memories.—

"For the mark of rank in nature  
Is capacity for pain,  
And the anguish of the singer  
Makes the sweetness of the strain."

(To be Continued.)

### Our Representatives.

The people of Canada have selected to represent them in the House of Commons, 58 lawyers, 56 merchants and commercial men, 29 farmers, 21 doctors, 13 journalists and printers, 9 lumbermen and mill-owners, 7 contractors, 3 surveyors, 3 notaries, 2 tanners and a distiller, besides 11 honourable gentlemen whose profession is not stated. Of the lawyers, 34 are Conservative and 24 are Liberal; of the commercial men 33 are Conservative and 23 are Liberal; there are 13 Conservative farmers and 16 Liberal; and of the doctors 9 are Conservative and 12 are Liberal.

### Hard on the Squire.

In some parts of Canada it is customary to call a justice of the peace, or local magistrate, "The Squire." One of these worthies, a very estimable man, who always enjoyed a good story, even if it was at his own expense, used to be fond of relating an experience he once had with an uneducated English farmer. After transacting some business the squire and the Englishman sat down to enjoy a smoke together. When they had lighted their pipes the solid Britisher started the conversation by remarking:

"Hi notice as 'ow folks calls you 'The Squire.'"

"That's because I am a justice of the peace," replied the Canadian.

"Things is so different hat 'ome."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. In Hingland a squire—W'y, bless your 'eart, a squire 'e's a gen'l'man!"—*Harper's Monthly*.

## Our Biographical Column.

[Many Canadian papers furnish their readers every week with portraits and biographical sketches of more or less distinguished citizens of the United States. Not to be behind in so patriotic a particular, the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED has acquired the exclusive right to publish a series which, it is hoped, will be found both interesting and instructive.]

HON. WEXFORD SLACK.

The most distinguished of the many gifted men who have made famous the name of Oleanderville, Ohio, is unquestionably the Hon. Wexford Slack. Born of rich but pious parents, he early developed a capacity that almost amounted to genius for eating parsnips. This statement might at the first blush be regarded as an attempt at a joke, but young Slack's appetite for parsnips led to great results. He studied the natural history of the parsnip, experimented with different species, and by judicious cultivation produced the famous Slack parsnip, of which it only requires a bushel to fill a barrel. Hon. Mr. Slack is a gifted orator on agriculture and cognate sub-



jects, and keeps a cow. He sat in the town council for two terms and has also been a member of a temperance society and a by-road commissioner. In politics, Hon. Mr. Slack is a staunch upholder of pure methods, having more than once refused \$10 for his vote. When approached by the hirelings of the spoilsmen he is apt to confound them with a quotation from Scripture, such as, "Doth Job serve God for naught?" Hon. Mr. Slack has many friends in Canada, chiefly retired bankers and other gentlemen of affluence. When last seen he wore a linen duster and light pants, also a wide straw hat and chin whiskers. He has a bilberry mark on his nose and holds a good poker hand. As a Sunday school superintendent he was always opposed to the international series of lessons, holding that sameness produces monotony, and monotony spiritual stagnation. Any information regarding him will be thankfully received by the sheriff of Oleanderville or his deputy.

Canadian children may learn many valuable lessons from the published biographies of such eminent Americans as the Hon. Wexford Slack.

### A New Occupation.

The following advertisement appeared in a local weekly paper in Lower Austria:

Large Snowdrifts in Krems.—Owing to the defective arrangements for removing the snow, a man with large feet is wanted to tread out a path on the most frequented thoroughfares, every morning from 5 to 7. Apply to the town surveyor.





CLASS IN SURGERY, 1890, WITH THE DEAN, HON. SENATOR SULLIVAN.  
KINGSTON WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE.

## KINGSTON WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The Kingston Woman's Medical College was the first institution in the Dominion to open its doors to enable the fair sex, and the fair sex only, to pass into the ranks of the medical profession. Its charter bears date the 3rd of January, 1884, and it owes its origin to the largeness of heart of Dr. Jenny A. Trout, of Toronto, and the liberality of many of the citizens of Kingston. It is affiliated to Queen's University, and, young though it is, its graduates already number a quarter of a hundred, and are to be found exercising the healing art not only in Ontario and Quebec, not only in the neighbouring States of Vermont, New York and Illinois, but also in the Island of Jamaica, and the still more distant Empire of India. Special privileges are given to those who are studying for missionary purposes.

The management of the College is vested in the Board of Trustees, elected annually by subscribers to the funds of the institution. Being a Women's College, it was deemed essential that a large number of its directors should be ladies, and that there should also be Lady Professors on the teaching staff. For six years Dr. Alice McGillivray was a member of the Faculty, lecturing upon Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children, until her removal to Chicago, and four years ago another lady, Dr. Elizabeth Smith-Shortt, was appointed to the chair of Medical Jurisprudence. Two years ago Dr. Marion Livingston joined the Faculty, and last year still another graduate, Dr. Isobel McConville, was added to the staff. The College, therefore, is as much as possible a Women's College, and a student can, from the moment she enters the city, have the advice and interest of ladies, and at the same time have every advantage that a male student enjoys in medical schools for men.

The College is exactly on the same footing towards

Queen's University as is the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons. The lady students pass the same entrance examination, are trained in the same way, and do precisely the same work in their College as the male students in theirs. They pass the same examinations, at the same time, in the Convocation Hall of the University, and have their degrees conferred upon them in the same hour. The classes of Practical Chemistry, Chemistry and Botany are taken at Queen's College, which is within five minutes walk of the Woman's College. Clinical Medicine and Surgery are practically taught in the wards of the General Hospital and of the Hotel Dieu.

Last year the trustees purchased and fitted up a commodious and isolated building opposite the University Grounds, and the students now have ample accommodation in this comfortable Alma Mater for class rooms, reading and writing rooms. The College is on the line of the street car track, and quite near the University, the Royal College, the General Hospital, and the skating rink—to which latter they have access on terms more favorable than the general public. That the students in this oldest Woman's Medical College in Canada are happy and satisfied is evident from the words used by the fair valedictorian at the Convocation, held at Queen's University at the close of the last session. Miss O'Hara, M.D., made the following remarks in her valedictory: "In saying farewell to our beloved Alma Mater, we desire to express our gratitude for the good we have received. We have obtained an abundant store of useful knowledge; we have been given an incentive to earnest work; we have been taught in some degree how to be students; living in a city containing a university is in itself an inspiration; meeting in the classroom and in the social circle with students of

noble aims and aspirations widens out our conception of life; meeting with earnest, broad-minded and sympathetic Professors is an encouragement and a help. To those from whom we have received our medical training we are most indebted. Each has given us something of his or her enthusiasm for the particular subject allotted to each. Of the staff as a whole we can only speak in the highest terms. From our intercourse with our lady professors, both in the class room and in the house, we have found them gentle, affectionate, sociable and womanly. The trustees and the faculty have been untiring in their efforts to please."

The ninth session will commence on October, 7th.

We give a photograph of the class in surgery, 1890, with the genial and accomplished Dean, the Hon. Senator Sullivan, M.D., in the centre.

### President Harrison's Chinese Policy.

There is one thing about the Harrison administration that compels our admiration. When it sets out to be grotesque it puts the genius of the dime museums to the blush. When the public learned that Mr. Harrison had appointed Senator Blair to be minister to China, there was a general disposition to credit the pride of Indianapolis with a late development of a rudimentary sense of humour. To send to that particular post a man so narrow-minded, so pig-headed, so verbose, so thick-skinned and so unutterably tedious and empty and impracticable, generally, that even in the present senate he was an object of especial ridicule—this certainly seemed like a practical joke—a joke in bad taste, but a joke, after its fashion. But when it was remembered that this same man had denounced the Chinese people in extravagant terms, and had advocated their exclusion from the United States, the joke was no longer a joke. It resolved itself into a characteristically Harrisonian monotony of bad judgment and indelicacy.—*Puck*.





TURNING THE FIRST SOD OF THE I. C. R.  
A SCENE AT ST. JOHN, N.B., IN SEPTEMBER, 1853.

## Turning the First Sod of the I. C. R.

Railway extension in Canada has progressed in such a wonderful degree in recent years, and splendid railway accommodation in every direction has become so much a matter of course, that it requires no little mental effort to get back to the conditions that prevailed some thirty or forty years ago. The importance and necessity of railway communication was then fully recognized, but little practical work had yet been accomplished. The people of the Maritime Provinces were among the first to make a determined effort for railway construction. The people of the adjoining state of Maine were with them in the effort, and a line from Halifax to Boston was projected. One of the most memorable incidents connected with the negotiations and their outcome was the turning of the first sod of what is now the Intercolonial Railway, at St. John, N.B., on September 14th, 1853. The contract for the construction of that portion of the line from St. John to Shediac had been awarded to an English firm, that of Peto, Brassey, Betts & Jackson, the same who built the Victoria Bridge, Montreal. Never before or since, probably, has St. John witnessed such a celebration as that which marked the turning of the first sod. The spot selected was in the narrow little valley between old St. John and Portland, now one city, and the ceremony was performed by Sir Edmund and Lady Head, amid the cheers of 20,000 people.

The most elaborate preparations had been made for the celebration. Pleasure parties came over the bay from Windsor, Annapolis and Digby, N.S., and down the St. John river from Fredericton, N.B. Halifax was well represented, and P. E. Island sent a delegation. Seven hundred excursionists with bands came by steamer from Boston. Two American warships, the Princeton, Commodore Shubrick, and the Fulton, Capt. Watson, lay at anchor in the harbour. The day was made a provincial

holiday, and country people flocked into the city in crowds. Houses and streets were gayly decorated, arches erected, and arrangements completed for a mammoth trades procession.

The day was fine and the air delightful—an ideal day for pleasure. Early in the morning a Calithumpian procession, 150 persons in all sorts of grotesque apparel, marched through the streets. Later, the trades procession formed. It was led by 100 horsemen. In it were 1,100 ship carpenters, representing no less than 16 ship yards, for ship building was then a great and flourishing industry at St. John. There were also 190 house carpenters, 400 blacksmiths and foundries, 40 painters, 100 masons, 60 bakers, 30 printers, 200 cordwainers, 200 tailors, 150 millers, and 70 riggers and sailmakers, besides sailors and others. Following these came civic and other officials, prominent visitors, the firemen, Freemasons, and a line of carriages. They traversed the principal streets, admired and cheered by thousands at every turn. The representatives of each handicraft were accompanied by waggons with men illustrating the various processes of manufacture by actual work.

The formal proceedings occupied the afternoon. A great pavilion had been erected for the reception of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Edmund Head; Lady Head, their suite, and the distinguished visitors. The gubernatorial party were received by companies of the 97th Regiment and a salute of 21 guns. Thousands lined the hillsides and the scene was a brilliant one. Mr. Robert Jardine, president of the European and North American Railway, as the line then and for many years after was styled, read a loyal address, to which His Honour replied, after which the party advanced to the spot selected for turning the sod, and Rev. Dr. Gray, rector of Trinity, St. John, invoked the Divine blessing. Lady Head then turned the sod, which was placed in a barrow and wheeled away by Sir Edmund, while 20,000 people cheered and 70 guns boomed a salute from a neighbouring height.

The foundation stone was then laid with Masonic honours by the Grand Master of the F. & A. M., and the bands united in the strains of Old Hundred. An address was then presented to the Lieutenant-Governor by the Mayor and City Council.

A lunch, at which over 800 persons sat down, and the preparations for which were in charge of the present Chief Justice Ritchie, Mr. R. Cruikshank and the late George E. Snider, of St. John, was one of the most interesting features of the day, addresses being delivered by Sir Edmund Head, Commodore Shubrick, U.S.N.; Hon. J. W. Johnston, Halifax; Hon. Mr. Cole and Dr. Conroy of P.E.I.; the Mayor of Portland, Me.; John A. Poor of Bangor; Hon. N. P. Banks, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives; Hon. J. Neal, of Portland, Me.; Wm. Jackson, M.P., of England, (one of the contractors); and Capt. Watson, U.S.N. The toasts were, "Her Majesty," "The President of the United States," "Our Sister Provinces and Our Guests." In the evening there was a display of fireworks and a grand ball.

It may be added that the contractors failed to complete the work, which was taken over by the Provincial Government of New Brunswick, and the line to Shediac finished. It cost about \$40,000 per mile.

The illustration accompanying this article is from a photograph by Swann & Weldon, of St. John, enlarged by them from a daguerrotype in the possession of Mr. Robert Reed of that city, who, with other leading citizens, appears in the picture. Though indistinct, the latter will prove interesting, and is worthy of preservation. It shows the sailors of the famous "Black Ball Line" of ships, then sailing the Atlantic, and in their midst is carried on a truck a model of one of the ships. The site where the view was taken is the Market Square, the old Loyalist landing place. Of the buildings shown not one remains. They were swept by the great fire of 1877, and far more imposing structures now mark the site.



# MEMORY AND BELLS.

## IX.

LUTHER Seize the loud vociferous bells, and  
Clashing, clanging to the pavement  
Hurl them from their windy tower.

Voices All thy thunders  
Here are harmless!

BELLS—Defunctos p'ora!  
Pestum fugo!  
Festa decoro!

Funera plango!  
Fulgura frango!  
Sabbata pango!

Excito lentos!  
Dissipo ventos!  
Paco cruentos!

—*Longfellow. The Golden Legend.*



AND who was he who first rung the solemn chime? He surely vaunted a music that should no longer linger low, nor die alone among hollow vales, and in cryptic places; but have its birth and career on high, salute Heaven with its winged echoes, and lift our aspirations thither. It is a minstrelsy apt to prompt devotion. Perpetual benison on the head of the good Campanian, Bishop Paulinas, or whoever he was, who first swung from its tower the inverted cup of brass or iron, with its jubilant clanging, express, expanded image of the modest flower-bells, drooped so lowly, that

"Toll their perfume on the passing air."

It was a goodly invention, of noble use and high delight, that hath consecration of melody above the sobbing murmurs of a desolate world. I marvel not at the legends, like summer mists creeping into the turrets of the bells, and hanging them as with a gray veil; that to them were assigned not only the functions of gladdening the sabbath festival, of calling the living and mourning the dead, but of breaking the lightnings in pieces, like the spears of foemen, and contending for mastery with the spirits of the storm.

## X.

"Listening all the time  
To the melodious singing  
Of a beautiful white bird,  
Until I heard  
The bells of the convent ringing  
Noon from their noisy towers."

The bells have not alone the power of evoking Memory: they are potent hope enchanters—inspirers of courage and expectation. What boy was he, who,—lucky deserter from Fortune!—looked back through the lights of one magical evening, from his seat on the stone at the foot of Highgate Hill, upon the great city behind him, listening the white bird's singing, and interpreting the musical salutations of Bow Bells into,—

"Turn again,  
Turn again,  
Dick Whittington,  
Thrice Lord Mayor of London!"

The hodden, kindly muse of Eliza Cook, has embalmed his legend and pointed his moral:

"Be it fable or truth about Whittington's youth,  
Which the tale of the magical Ding-dong imparts,  
Yet the story that tells of the boy and the bells,  
Has a purpose and meaning for many sad hearts."

A spirit in the bells, say you? Ay, if you will; but a spirit also in the boy, else he had heard their voices and not found their meaning. Vocal with joyful hopes are the peals ringing in the bridal, when consenting and plighted lovers move toward the altar. Ring, ring, ring, the chimes mellow and golden!

"What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!  
Through the balmy air of night  
How they ring out their delight!  
From the molten-golden notes,  
And all in tune,  
What a liquid ditty floats  
To the turtle-dove that listens while she gloats  
On the moon!  
Oh, from out the sounding cells,  
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!  
How it swells!  
How it dwells  
On the Future!"

## XI.

I heard the city time-bells call  
Far off in hollow towers,  
And one by one with measured fall  
Count out the old dead hours;  
I felt the march, the silent press  
Of time, and held my breath;  
I saw the haggard dreadfulness  
Of dim old age and death.

—*Archibald Lampman*

But as the clarion of the cock, that cheeriest note of morning, had the power of awe and remorse in the bosom of Peter, so it is with the clangorous bell; they fall not always on the ear with the music that inspired Whittington, but sometimes inspire emotions of fear or dread, for it is the soul's mood or destiny that gives interpretation to the sighs and sounds of art or nature. What sound was that, falling with aerial warning, to the Countess Amy, the imprisoned wife of Leicester?

"The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,  
An aerial voice was heard to call,  
And thrice the raven flapped its wing  
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

"And ere the dawn of day appeared  
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,  
Full many a piercing scream was heard  
And many a cry of mortal fear."

The shivering verdict of my boyhood was that both Scott and Mickle had done justice to the theme. What doleful peal was that which echoed in the guilty breasts of Lord and Lady Macbeth, waking all that slept in the Castle, when the hue of death was on blameless and too-trusting Duncan's cheek, and "his silver skin was laced with his golden blood?"

"Ring the alarm-bell: Murder! and treason!  
Ring the bell!"

So, in the Wallenstein of Schiller we find a thrill responsive in the bosom of the Fourth Henry of France, who foreboded the knife of Ravallac:

"The Phantom  
Startled him from the Louvre, chased him forth  
Into the open air; like funeral knells  
Sounded that coronation festival."

The bells! the bells! the iron tongues seemed calling him to his doom!

Heralds, monitors of sorrow and misfortune are they. They rang in Bartholomew's day, when Papal vengeance fell on the noblest heads and fairest necks of France. The Huguenot drops in me stir at thought of it! They rang when great London was on fire, and the winged fury that began his circuit on sheds returned on palaces. What perturbing voices are theirs in the heat and glare of such a conflagration!

"Too much horrified to speak,  
They can only shriek, shriek  
Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,  
In a mad exostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,  
Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
With a desperate desire,  
And a resolute endeavour,  
Now—now to sit or never,  
By the side of the pale-faced moon."

Yes, we are horribly awakened by such doom-notes of ghoully bells—battle-bells, and bells whose cry is "Fire!" Yet there were some tones of triumph and gratulation in the lamentation of the Kremlin bell, when their beloved Moscow wilted to ashes before the devoted citizens. Did not Napoleon turn pale to see it! Scarcely whiter was his cheek in the crisis of Waterloo; for here, fire, and then frost, fought against him. The "loud Toesin" told no such triumph for Prague or Poland, as the Kremlin bell for Russia. So were there triumphant notes, according to our noble-speaking Lowell, when the great church tower of Hamburg was in flames, and

"The bells in sweet accord,  
Pealed forth that grand old German hymn,  
'All good souls praise the Lord!'"

And, hark! was that the tolling of a bell floating along the watery ways of Venice? It is the great bell of St. Mark's bidding the conspirators rally to their work, and to their doom! In the great council-hall, where hang the portraits of the Doges, Marino is degraded,—or so Madame De Staël tells us in her romance:

"On the space that would have been occupied by that of Faliero, who was beheaded, is painted a black curtain, whereon is written the date and manner of his death."

Should you be disposed to pity victims of folly, stand and listen to the knells of Hugo and Paraisina—whom Byron pitied—while

"The Convent bells are ringing  
Solemnly and slow,  
In the gray square turret swinging  
With a deep sound, to and fro,  
Heavily to the heart they go.

For a departing being's soul  
The death-hymn peals, and the hollow bells knoll."

## XII.

"In moonlit splendor rests the sea,  
The soft waves ripple along.  
My heart beats low and heavily,  
I think of the ancient song,—  
"The ancient song that quaintly sings  
Towns lost in olden times;  
And how from the sea's abyss there rings  
The sounds of prayers and chimes." —*Hilke*

"They paused not at Columba's isle,  
Though pealed the bells from the holy pile  
A long and measured toll."

What of the bells rung and heard at sea? What of the bells that ring a half melancholy warning along the shore. The Inchcape Bell of Southey—what school-boy forgets it? Is it more than a poet's fancy that there are chimes rising from "lost Atlantis" and "cities in the sea, more than from the fairy belfries from which the knells arise in Shakespeare's "Tempest?" Surely no elfin music can ever visit earth finer than that fancied by the German poet from submerged "towns lost in the olden times."

Bells on board! They ring the doom of the *Valkenard*, and how many a staunch, noble craft beside:

"The dismal ship-bell tolled,  
As ever and anon she rolled  
And lurched into the sea.

Bells on shore! Hear them!

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,  
O say, what may it be?"  
"Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"  
And he steered for the open sea."

Ah! amid the perishing, cruel winters past, such poetry has been written, fact!

## XIII.

Over many a range  
Of waning time the gray cathedral towers,  
Across a hazy glimmer of the west,  
Revealed the r-shining windows: from them clashed  
The bells; we listened.—*Tompson.*

Many visions rise suddenly before me; voices of many bells are in my ears. Bells rung from many a parish church in England; bells, tolling in St. Paul's and Westminster. I see Wordsworth, on a Sabbath morning, standing bare-headed, with quickened sense, listening to the softened tones that float down Ull-water, or across Rydalmere,—

"Down the placid lake  
I floats the soft cadence."

His heart and the bells are in tune. I see Tom Campbell standing entranced by the sylvan, gorgeous variety of his Bavarian wilderness, hearing

"Church bells tolling to beguile  
The cloud-born thunder passing by;"

with, to me, a suggestion, or reminiscence of Weber's immortive music. Surely this wild romantic Eldon was never after absent from him. There goes Ebenezer Elliot, traversing a "path of the quiet fields," reading Shenstone.

"When the village bell  
Sounds o'er the river, soften'd up the dell."

I am gladdened by the glow in Scott's eye while he reads of Willie Laidlaw the newly written lines:

"On Christmas eve the bells were rung;  
On Christmas eve the mass was sung."

I have a glimpse of Charles Kingsley, hurrying, with distracted and melancholy thoughts, over the snow-clad moorland, when cheery bells are ringing in the Christmas eve; but they do not rejoice him, for I hear him cry:

"Oh! never sin and want and woe this earth will leave,  
And the bells but mock the wailing sound they sing—  
cheery.

Soon "a joyous clamour from the wild fowl on the mere" restores him. Tom Hood turns about at Hampstead to beguile his walk with sweetness:

"Dear bells! how sweet the sound of village bells,  
When on the undulating air they swim!  
Now, loud as welcomes! Faint, now, as farewells!  
And trembling all about the breezy bells,  
As fluttered by the wings of cherubim."

Owen Meredith leans out from his window, in the damp night air, gathering sweetness from



"The sound of midnight bells  
When the oped casement with the night-rain drips."

XIV.

"The great bell that heaves  
With solemn sound,"—*Keats*.

Bells on bells! In changing vision the boy, Keats, wandering amid "sorgs of birds, the whispering of leaves," and other beguiling voices, is held and charmed by a sonorous music;—hears the heaving of the great bell. And one word—the word "Tollorn,"—"is like a bell" to toll him back from the song of the nightingale to his sole self. Bells on bells! how they ring in mine ear! Bells of Rome, for the crowning of Corinne; bells of Florence, that Dante heard afar; bells listened to by sorrowful Romeo, rung by Marian Evans; bells of Norton Bury,—for we learn out of "John Halifax" that "Norton Bury was proud of its abbey chimers." Bells on bells! Hawthorne, on a Sunday morning, sits watching the church-goers along the sidewalks below, hearing every sound, and especially *one*, as "with an unexpected sensation the bell turns in the steeple overhead, and throws out an irregular clamour, jarring the tower to its foundation." Bells upon bells! Heard by Longfellow on the Nahant shore, while

"Down the darkened coast run the tumultuous surges,  
And clap their hands and shout to you, O Bells of Lynn."  
Heard by Whittier, sitting in the door of his white "Tent on the Beach," when "the wind is slightly blowing and the waves are silent."

"The bells of morn and night  
Swing, miles away, their silver speech."

XV.

"I heard the bells, on Christmas day,  
Their old familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet  
The words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

Ring us the bells of Christmas, from a thousand belfries! Above all serene, triumphant music, above the peals that herald set days and seasons, above all alarm bells, jubilant bells, victorious bells, most I love "the merry, merry bells of Yule," and the chimers that usher in the New Year. Then we are most apt to revert to the Laureate's clangorous words:

"The Christmas bells from hill to hill  
Answer each other through the mist.

"Each voice four changes on the wind,  
That now dilate, and now decrease,  
Peace and good-will, good-will and peace,  
Peace and good-will to all mankind.

"Ring out, wild bells to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty lights  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die."

These wings of Time are very swift; space narrows, and this poetic measure seems expansive beyond our measure; for we cannot now give speech to all our memories, nor pause to wake all

"Melodious bells among the spires."

We listen, we muse, we hesitate to depart. But touch the Vibe bells, and instantly all sweetest memory-chimes are singing, to mind us of star and sage, of shepherds and singing angels.

XXVI.

"The bell strikes one! We take no note of time,  
Except by its loss!"  
Sounding chroniclers! Of what past and passing hours do ye take note! What musical record do ye make of the passing generations! Your solemn voices have inspired this deepest strain of one of the truest poets of our age. Listen:

"This is the midnight of the Century, hark!  
Through aisle and arch of Godminster have gone  
Twelve throbs that told the zenith of the dark,  
And mornward now the starry bands move on:  
'Mornward!' the angelic watchers say,  
Passed is the sorest trial;  
No plot of man can stay  
The hand upon the dial;  
Night is the dark stem of the lily, Day."

We were about to cry: Beat us not down, O Bells, with your doom-notes, your jangles of discontent; trample us not beneath a hopeless music! But what is this you tell us, O Bells! The night is far past, and the morning is at hand. You beat the upward march of humanity. You ring the triumph of mankind. Bless you, O Bells! No longer "toll slowly," no longer ring mournfully, but peal your fullest jubilee!

"O chime of sweet St. Charity  
Peal soon that Easter Morn  
When Christ for all shall risen be,  
And in all hearts new-born!"

*Ring in that millennial day, O Bells!*

XVII.

"Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells."

I think Charles Lamb gave us right, as well as pleasant words, when he said, among many fine sayings, that high-pealing bells make "the music highest bordering on heaven."

XVIII.

"The bell of evening tolled."

And soon, perhaps, the bells whose music woke anew with our existence, will signify, more solemnly, our departure. They will consign our lives to Memory, then Memory will hand them to Oblivion. Soon it is time for the ringing of life's curfew, the covering of our embers, the extinguishment of our lights. Then the fold is shut close, and the green tent curtain swung inward. But, beyond the darkness and the silence, following, Wake! blessed chimers that usher in a new morning! Wake! Bells of Eternity!

PASTOR FELIX.

## Gaspe Lighthouse Tower

I was a fisher lad, wild and gay;  
From Newfoundland's banks so bleakly gray,  
With winds in anger, and waves at play,  
I came to my childhood's home one day,  
By Gaspe Lighthouse Tower.

I stood at my mother's cottage door,  
Her words, "I am old, son, roam no more!"  
Haunted me,—cried to me o'er and o'er,—  
And bitter-sweet was the fruit they bore,  
By Gaspe Lighthouse Tower.

For, raising my eyes I saw her there,  
A thwart the sunset, my sea queen fair,—  
Sea-blue in her eyes, sea-wind in her hair,  
She passed through the shadow with wet arms bare,  
By Gaspe Lighthouse Tower.

Slowly across the beach she came,  
The sunset behind her in dusky flame;  
Her eyes met mine, she breathed my name,  
And—ah! naught to me was e'er the same,  
By Gaspe Lighthouse Tower!

We learn'd to love where we'd learn'd to play,  
In the bye-gone hours of childhood's day;  
My heart was April, her face was May,  
And before us life-long summer lay,  
By Gaspe Lighthouse Tower.

At last in mine she laid her hand,  
To th' eternal hymn of the ocean grand,  
Love join'd our hearts on that lovely strand,  
And she came with me, o'er the low-tide sand,  
To Gaspe Lighthouse Tower.

And there alone she dwelt with me,  
Above us, God; beneath, the sea;  
The Ocean, Love, Eternity,—  
Alone we were save for these three,  
In Gaspe Lighthouse Tower.

One day, unto the autumn blast,  
I spread my sail 'neath sky o'er cast,  
Nor knew on her I look'd my last,  
As out into the gale I pass'd,  
From Gaspe Lighthouse Tower.

I never reach'd the other side;  
All night I heard the tempest roar,—  
I felt that I should see no more  
The face I saw but to adore,  
Or Gaspe Lighthouse Tower!

But when the dawn broke o'er the sea,  
And the wind fell all sobbingly,  
I thank'd the great God solemnly,  
And swift I sped,—glad hopes with me,  
To Gaspe Lighthouse Tower.

I rear'd my home, I rear'd my bride—  
"Oh, God! oh God! a wreck!" I cried;  
Its signs the sea showed far and wide,  
And dark above the fatal tide,  
Loom'd Gaspe Lighthouse Tower.

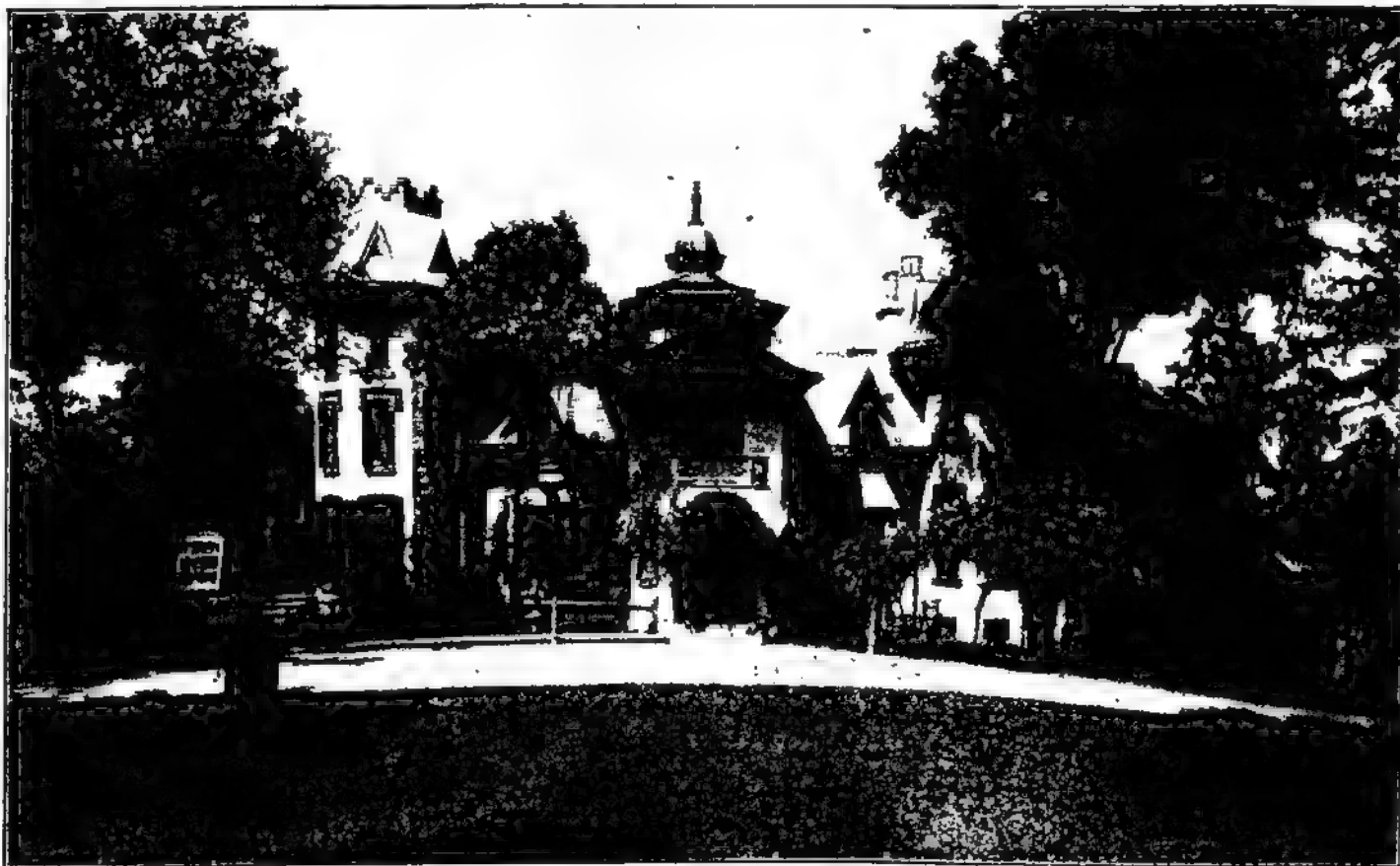
I sought my love, and on the wall  
I saw what robb'd me of my all—  
Of every hope, beyond recall,  
My heart died then; it saw its pall  
In Gaspe Lighthouse Tower.

These words, with chalk, she wrote to me:  
"God grant I may return to thee,—  
But some day we'll united be,  
Beyond the storm-wind and the sea,  
And Gaspe Lighthouse Tower!"

She never came,—her boat was lost,  
Her life of other lives the cost;  
My sea-flower lies all tempest-toss'd,  
Somewhere beyond the waves she cross'd  
And Gaspe Lighthouse Tower.

Twice twenty weary years have flown  
Since for those lives she gave her own;  
But still the mighty deep makes moan,  
And still I weep and wait alone  
In Gaspe Lighthouse Tower.

—BEATRICE GLEN MOORE

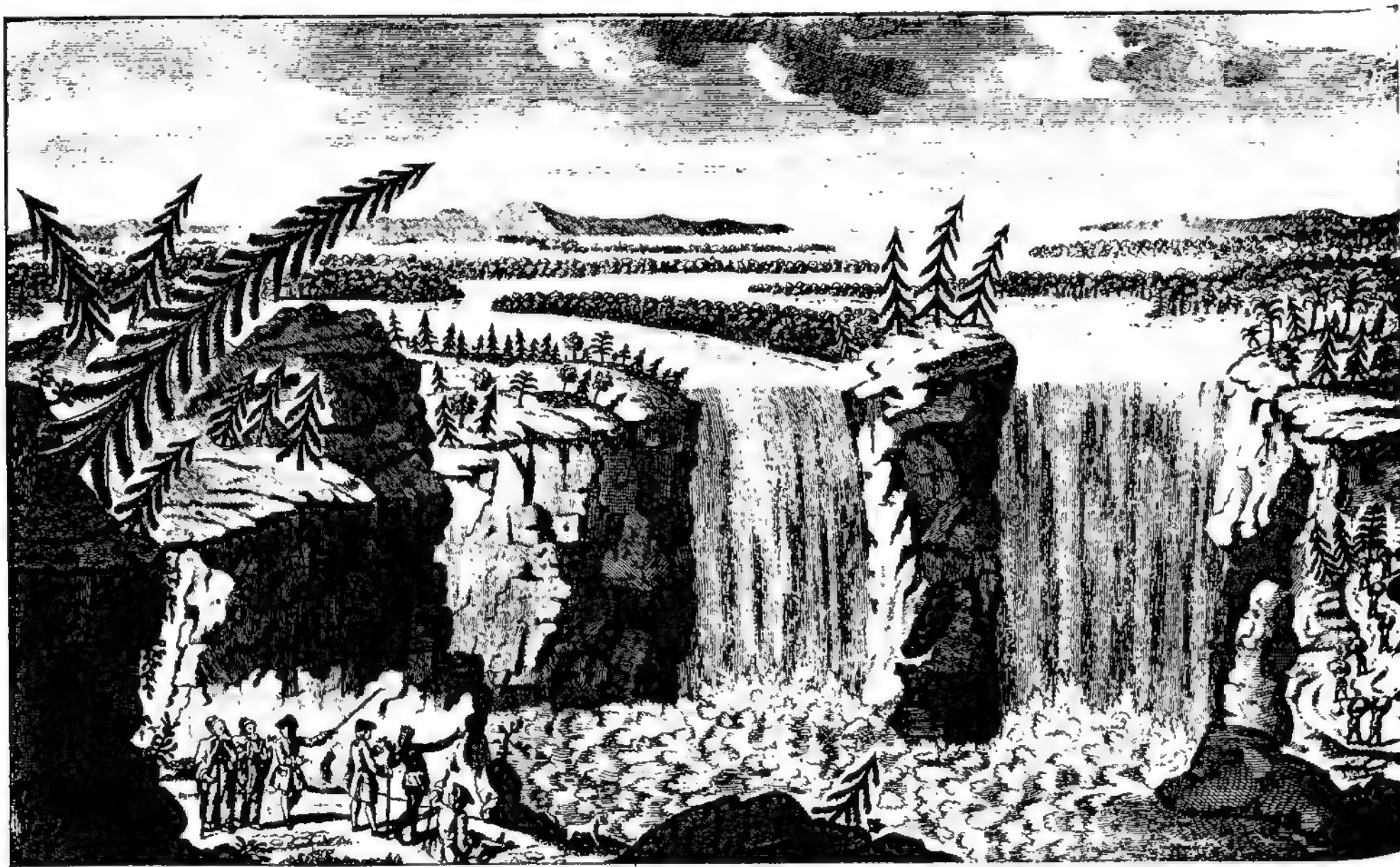


VILLENUEVE PLACE, NEAR PICTON, ONT.



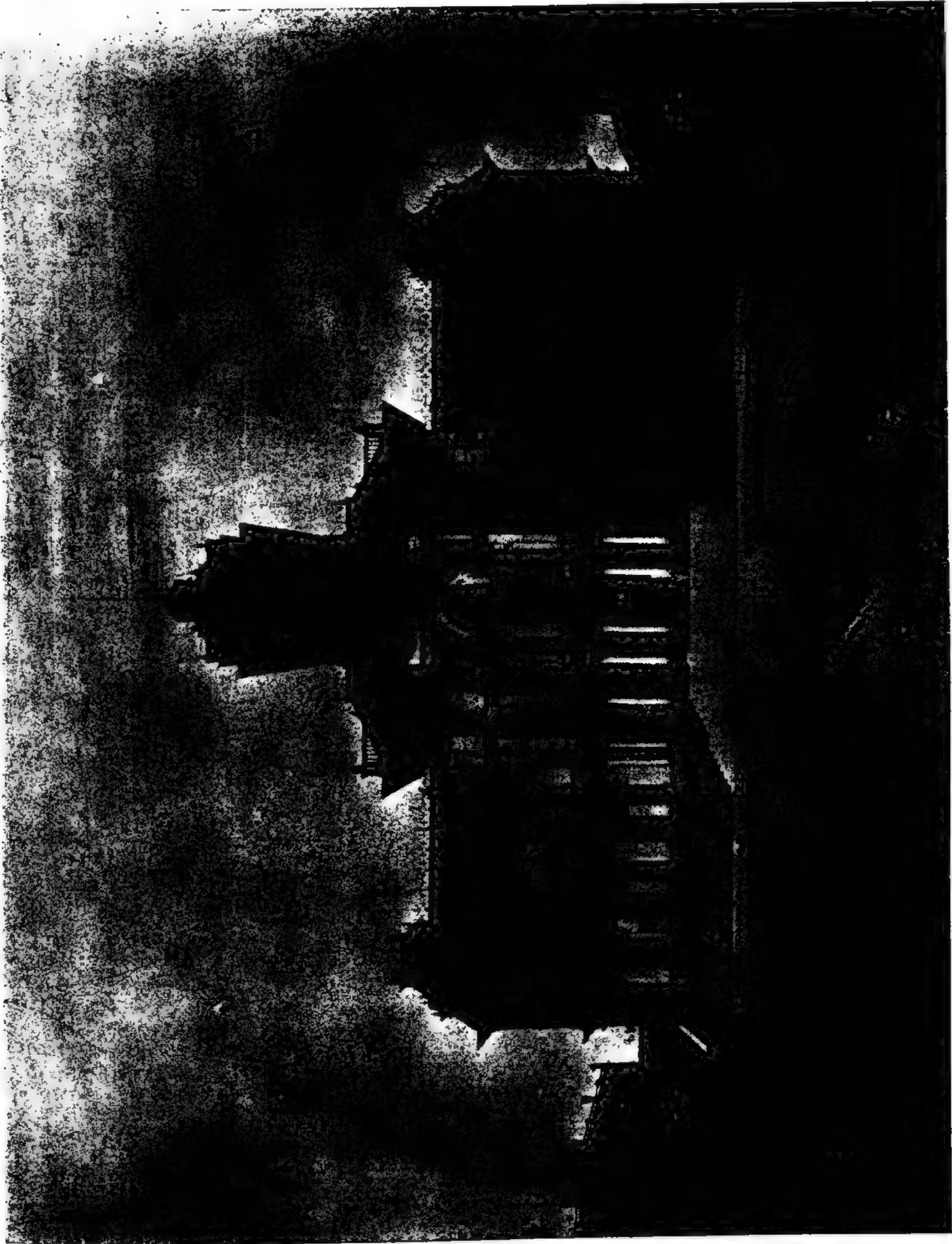


INTERIOR OF THE FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY, HAMILTON, ONT.  
(Mr. Geo. R. Lancefield, Amateur photo)



"THE GREAT CATARACT OF NIAGARA, IN NORTH AMERICA"  
(From a print of the 17th Century.)





THE COURT HOUSE, HAMILTON, ONT.  
(Mr Geo. R. Lancefield, Amateur photo.)





A Travelling Mantle—A Light Over-Jacket—The Training of Servants—Handwriting—Lace for Under-linen.

A travelling mantle is the next thing necessary to a travelling dress, and the more useful and convenient it is the better for one's comfort. I hope you will like this that you see in the sketch, for it is a compound affair. You will remark that in the right hand corner of the illustration is a



short cloak. That is the mantle pure and simple, and it can be thrown over any costume; it may also be made in any material, thick or thin, plain woollen or waterproof. It is double breasted, and therefore wraps well over the chest. If, however, you find yourself up amongst mountains, whether Swiss, Scotch or Welsh, and a rather chilly atmosphere assails you, here is an under-garment—in fact a simple ulster, which can be worn with or without its companion cloak. In either you are well equipped, in both you are pretty well invulnerable to cold or wet. It is so perfectly delightful to be quite independent of weather,—to feel that you are equal to any occasion it may in its waywardness create. So you will find this costume thoroughly useful and capable of fulfilling all the many purposes required of it.

Another necessary is a light over jacket, for walking or driving, when you do not want to burden yourself with anything as heavy as the last, and yet to look a little more

dressy than merely a waterproof would allow you. I therefore add pictures of two useful loose-fronted jackets. The first may be in dark blue serge or cloth, with revers of the same neatly stitched and made to fasten invisibly. The other is of buff box-cloth of a light make also plainly stitched,



and trimmed with a wide collar of deep seal brown velvet, and fastened by small round ball buttons of wood or horn to match the colour of the cloth. Such a little garment is extremely useful, because it gives the requisite warmth one needs when out for a long country drive and returning towards sun-down.

The training of servants is, except in a large establishment, a very desultory and haphazard one. Where, and how does the ordinary cook, house and parlour-maid come to the knowledge that qualifies them to take places? Some may have good mothers who have to a certain extent taught them, but the conditions of life amongst the poor are not such generally as to teach great cleanliness, or order, or indeed regularity. Pure water and good soap are not expensive things, but the poorer classes who supply our houses with servants make wonderfully little use of them compared to what they might do. So servants are not always to blame if they fall short in these matters. But I am very glad to see that amongst a vast amount of very doubtfully useful knowledge that the Board Schools profess to cram into poor little heads, the Draper's Company have generously provided funds for the Hammersmith Board Schools to teach girls ordinary household duties; such as how to sweep a room properly; how to light a fire so that it shall not look like a crow's nest, and really burn; how to lay the table for meals; how to attend the door; and many other ordinary things of daily life, the well or ill-doing of which are considered such very secondary matters by the modern "slavery," but yet, when properly executed, go far to making home comfortable. Such things learned should be of immense service to the girls, whether they go to service or not, for they are not always the little matters that receive the most attention in the home of the artisan or mechanic. It is a very good reproach to the usual curriculum of the Board Schools, that the education they ought to make their first steps and part of their system, should have to be insisted on by a body of men outside the authorities who rule these costly establishments. It is also rather reprehensible that the public who pay such enormous rates should find these essentials neglected. To show how useful the teaching of a knowledge of what I call "common things" really is, I may quote the remarks of the girls who have profited by the cookery lessons. They were very proud to relate how one made her father quite a nice stew for his dinner, and how another, when her mother was ill, cooked her a nice little pudding, and so on. But what seems to have impressed them most was the frugality of the whole performance, and how nice a dinner was made out of so little. The cook in each case not was much more than eleven years old. Therefore the Board School

authorities should profit by this, and if they have (that, apparently to them, rare and expensive quality) common sense, it should teach them the sort of simple every day things that will be of infinite use to the people they aspire to educate. There are few people more careless, more wasteful, more heedless of the future than our modern servants. And how can we wonder, when the parents they come from have not learned otherwise. Compare a woman of the working classes in England and her prototype in France, and what a difference there is,—one is careless, very fond of smart clothes, not always clean or tidy in her ways or home, and rarely saving up for a rainy day. The other is dressed very plainly, she works very hard, but is nearly always carefully, however simply, clothed; she will make a franc go infinitely further than the other one does a half-crown. She will feed her children for two days well on what the other wastes at one meal, and by a hundred little economies will save up gradually sufficient to buy a little house, and bit of land, the one end and aim of most of the country and suburban French poor, from which also, by similar thrift, they will manage to get a subsistence, and independence.

Handwriting is a subject that comes very frequently before me in the many letters that I receive, and not infrequently I am asked my opinion on this or that writer's caligraphy. It is not a little difficult to give this, because writing is so very much a matter of taste and fashion. Some years ago it was the fashion to write in a running but very pointed style. Since then there have been various affectations in handwriting, certain people preferring to write in what I call a pattern, without much regard to the formation of the letters; others, as if in protest against a running hand, not only writing straight up, perpendicularly, but even sloping in an opposite direction from the usual angle. It is very true that for those people who naturally write a good legible hand that does not run too much, it is the very best possible thing to write their business writing upright, as it saves the letters from getting too carelessly written. It has been the fashion of late years amongst people who bring fashion as a ruling factor into their daily life, to write very large so that about five lines monopolize the side of an ordinary sheet of note-paper. This is just about as meaningless as the over small and insignificant handwriting that also forms a pattern on the paper. Both are meretricious, and pretend to be something that they are not naturally. Writing should be evenly balanced, the up and down strokes should not be inordinately long or absurdly short, and however fast persons pride themselves on writing, each letter without being necessarily like copper-plate should be thoroughly and properly formed. I detest so-called copper-plate writing, for all characteristics are lost in it, however well it may be done. Of course, though many people seem to forget it, the main quality of writing is, that it should above all other things be easily legible. Pattern writing seldom is legible and scarcely characteristic, because like the copper-plate it has such a stiff-mannered, set appearance. One of the reasons that numbers of people do not write well, is, because as children they are not kept long enough when learning writing, to large hand. There is nothing that really teaches and gives ease and freedom to the hand like that, besides making it impossible to slur over the proper formation of each letter.

Lace for under-linen should be chosen with great wisdom and foresight, for it should be remembered for what purposes it is destined, and the kind of treatment it is sure to receive at the hands of laundresses. I like to give you the latest from Paris in all matters relating to attire, therefore, I heard the other day that the *lingeries*, or under-linen employ for all the lovely trousseaux, that are continually coming from their hands, are Valenciennes lace, either the real or very well imitated. It is very much in fashion at present and is used in two varieties of pattern with a great deal of open net work as a ground, or, what is really prettier for under-linen, whether of cambric or surah silk, a close thick pattern which really looks much richer. This last naturally is decidedly the strongest, and with it at present all the chemises that open *en cour* the night dresses, and hems of underskirts, drawers and chemises are trimmed, the last being gauffed to the depth of nearly five inches. Now, much as I delight in dainty under-linen, I think it is always nice to have a special little set reserved for wearing whilst on visits, and this may well have the small extravagance of Valenciennes trimming. But for home wear, which needs perhaps to be more strong and serviceable, torchon lace is quite the best wear, and lasts as long as the material of the garment.





CLUB HOUSE AT M. A. A. A. GROUNDS, MONTREAL

### Polo.

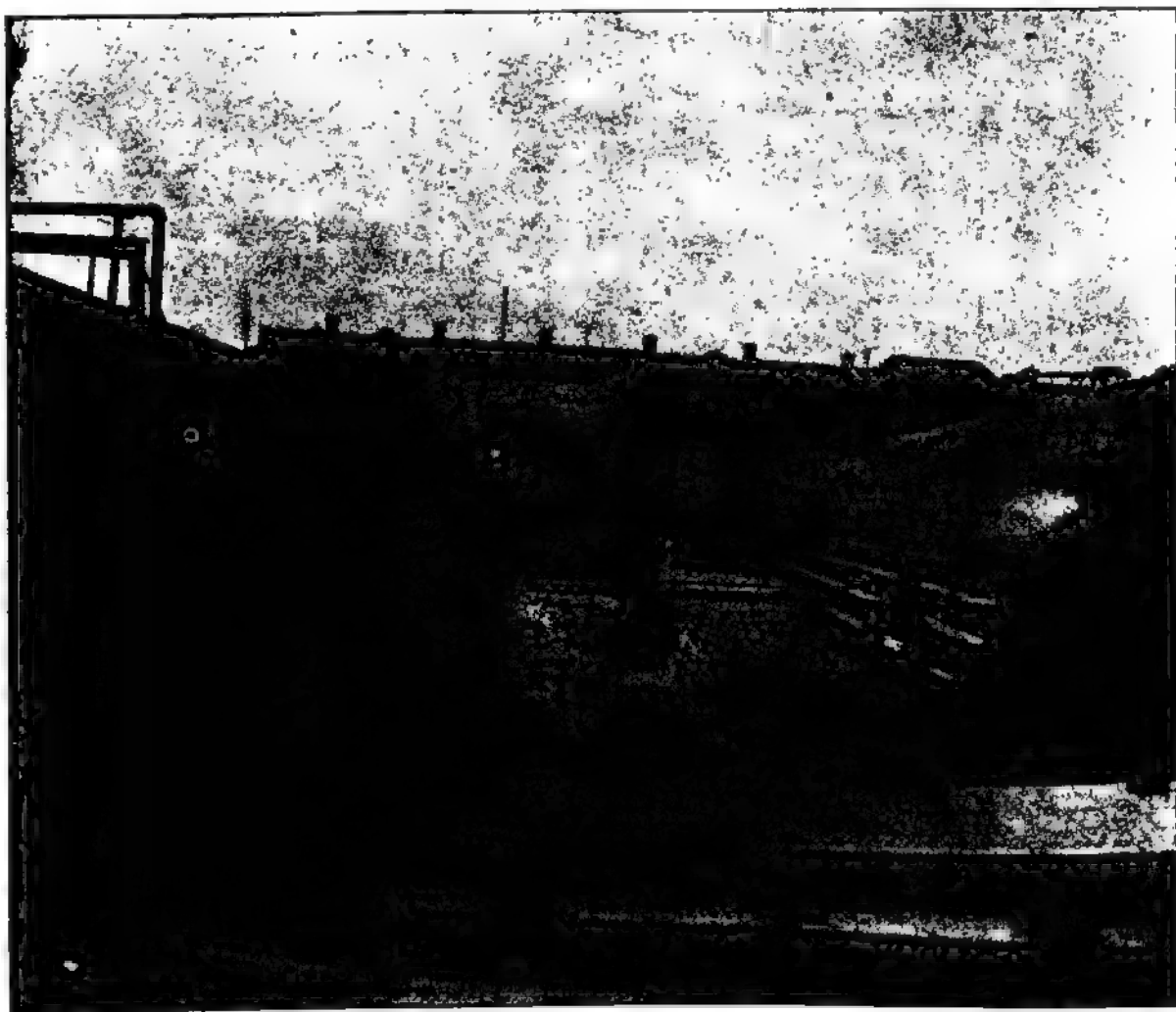
There is a popular idea that polo is a very ancient Indian game. Mr. Moray Brown tells us that, with regard to "the question of when and where polo was first introduced into British India," there can be "but little doubt that it was first played in British territory in Cachar in 1854-5." Indeed, according to Jonathan Scott, Oriental Prof. or to the East India and the Royal Military colleges, it was played in our own familiar Pall Mall long before it was ever played in India. Pietro della Valle calls chavgan, or polo, "palla maglia," and this may have "been the origin of Scott's assertion." A great deal has been written and said lately about Munnipore having been the birthplace of polo; but, although Mr. Moray Brown himself calls it "the cradle of Indian polo," he thinks that the game must have been introduced into Munnipore from Tartary, "for it is distinctly of Tartar origin."

The game was really introduced into England through the medium of a newspaper. In the year 1869 a subaltern in the Tenth Hussars was reading about its being played by the Munniporees, in his newspaper at Aldershot, when he said: "By Jove! it must be a goodish game. I vote we try it." And try it they did, with a billiard ball and crooked sticks, and mounted on their chargers. In most eastern countries it is called chavgan. In Munnipore it is known as kan-jai-hazee, and the English word "polo" is derived from pulu (i.e., a ball made from the knot of willow wood,) which is the name given to the game in Thibet. A manuscript in the British museum of a poem by a Persian poet of the tenth century not only mentions the game, but gives a very quaint illustration of it, which is copied in this book. Polo is said to have been played in Japan in the year 727 A.D., and a historian of the tenth century says that King Darius, "who lived 525 B.C.," sent a polo stick and ball to Alexander the Great "as instruments of sport better suited to his youth and inexperience than warlike occupations." Whereupon Alexander replied, "that the ball was the earth, and he (Alexander) was the stick." Alexander the Great is not generally supposed to have been born until 356 B.C., but never mind—there was more than one King Darius. Eastern magnates seem to have played polo occasionally with human heads, and the poet Hafiz writes: "May the heads of your enemies be your chavgan balls."—*The Saturday Review*.

### Relics of the Roman Period.

At the Royal Society conversazione a great deal of interest was excited by the exhibition of sixty tools and utensils of the Roman period, found together in a pit in the Roman-British city of Chincester, Hants. These included an anvil, a pair of blacksmith's tongs, hammer, axes, gouges, chisels, adzes, a large carpenter's plane, two shoemaker's anvils, two plow coulters, a standing lamp, a gridiron, a bronze scale beam and others. Many of these articles were most remark-

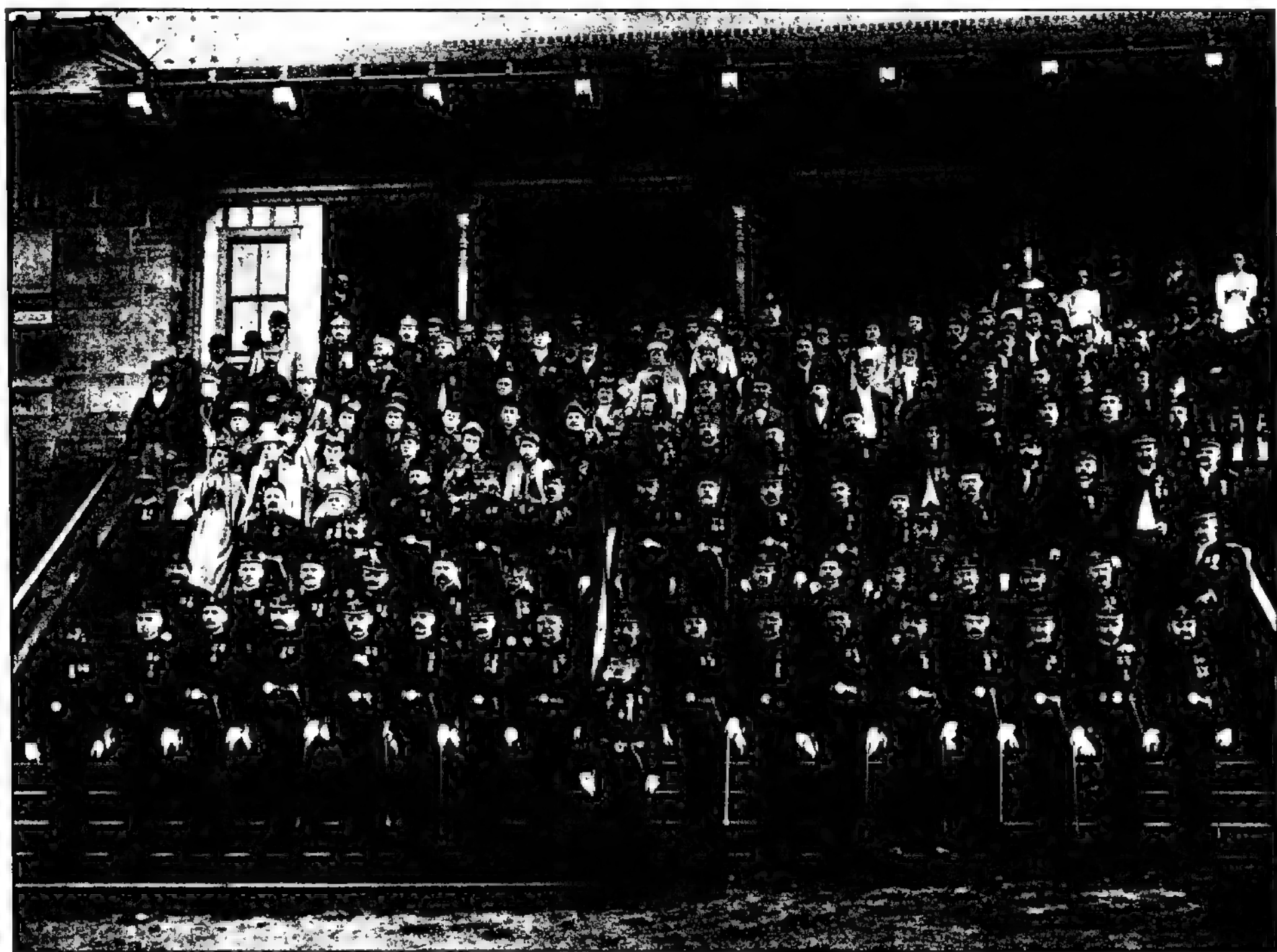
ably like similar tools of the present day, the plane, which was evidently a "trying plane," and entirely of metal, being very suggestive of a Yankee origin. It is said to be the only Roman plane found in Britain. There is no ground for surprise at finding Roman tools so good as to be suggestive of "Yankee origin." There are thousands of existing evidences of the high degree of mechanical skill possessed in ancient times; indeed in some respects, we are not equal in constructive arts to the men of twenty centuries ago.



THE GRAVING DOCK AT KINGSTON.

(Mr. L. Rose, Amateur photo.)





ST. BERNARD COMMANDERY, NO. 35, KNIGHTS TEMPLAR DRILL CORPS, CHICAGO, WITH THEIR LADIES AND HAMILTON FRIENDS.  
AT HAMILTON 27th AND 28th JULY, 1891.

(W. Farmer, Hamilton, photo.)



The Warrior was the first iron-plated man-of-war in the British Navy, and was launched on 29th December, 1860.

The winner of the Prince of Wales prize at Bisley this year was a Canadian—Capt. McMicking, of Welland Battalion, Niagara Falls. This prize has only been won three times before by Canadians: once by Lieut.-Col. Gibson, of Hamilton; once by Lieut. William Mitchell, of the 32nd Battalion, relative of Colour-Sergeant C. N. Mitchell, of the 90th, Winnipeg, and once by Andy Gillis, then of the 90th Battalion. Capt. McMicking's score (97 out of a possible 105) is the same score as that made by Gillis, and is a good performance with any rifle under any circumstances. The prize is a gold medal and £100 in cash.

At Boswell Road Dairy, Trinity, Edinburgh, there has recently died a grey charger which rode through the "Valley of Death" along with the immortal "Six Hundred." It also went through the Indian Mutiny. At the charge of Balaclava it received a bullet in the neck which it carried to the grave. To show that so many years of peace and plenty did not banish from the animal's remembrance the rules of military discipline, it may be stated that at the trumpet's

blast the horse would cock its ears and come to attention as if it stood in the ranks of war, and it repeatedly withstood the thunder of the Granton Battery of sixty-eight and thirty-two pounders with as great composure as a Turk at prayer.

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The officers' mess house of the famous First Battalion of the Royal Irish Regiment at Colchester Camp has been destroyed by fire. The regimental colours, much costly plate, several valuable historical pictures and war relics, gathered by the regiment in its career, ranging from Blenheim to the Soudan, were burned. It is suggested that an Irish national subscription be made to defray the expense of refurnishing the quarters and replacing the plate. The building was a wooden structure and the folly of keeping such valuable pictures and relics in a perishable structure is now severely commented upon.

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When the 27th Inniskillings were quartered in the Maiden City of Londonderry, I enlisted a recruit in the Diamond, and after treating him decent in Tom Colhoun's I put the usual questions to him, gave him a shilling, and took him to Ebrington Barracks, where he was finally attested. In the course of a month he was claimed as an apprentice, and brought up before the Mayor of the city. Attorney N— defended, and said the prisoner had not been properly enlisted. At the same time he asked me to put the questions to him (Attorney N—) that I had asked the prisoner. In fact, for His Worship's information, to go through the whole form of enlistment. I put the usual questions; the attorney answered "Yes" to all, and then I pulled out a shilling and placed it in his hand. "Were those the same questions you put to the prisoner?" said he to me. "Yes they were," said I. His Worship then decided that the man had been properly enlisted and passed the sentence. When he had

done so the attorney said to me, "Well, here's yer shilling back for ye." "I can't take it," says I. "Why not?" says he. "Why?" says I, "why, sure I can't take it back till ye go before the magistrate and pay the smart money, which every recruit must pay if he wants to be released from service." "You be hanged!" says he, and he put the money in his pocket. I called to His Worship on the bench for a witness that I had enlisted the attorney, and oh, there was a roar in court. Well, the decision of the court being in my favour, I asked if I might take my new recruit, and they all roared again, the attorney getting as red as a turkey-cock, and nearly mad. At last he made the best of it, and paid the smart money. "Don't list in the line next time," says I. "What then?" said he, snappishly. "Oh, your honour," says I, "stick to the Rifles—that's more in your way." Well, when I told the major I thought he would die, and when he ceased laughing he told me to keep the smart money for myself.—*Sprig of Shillelagh.*

#### Smart Retort by a Scotsman.

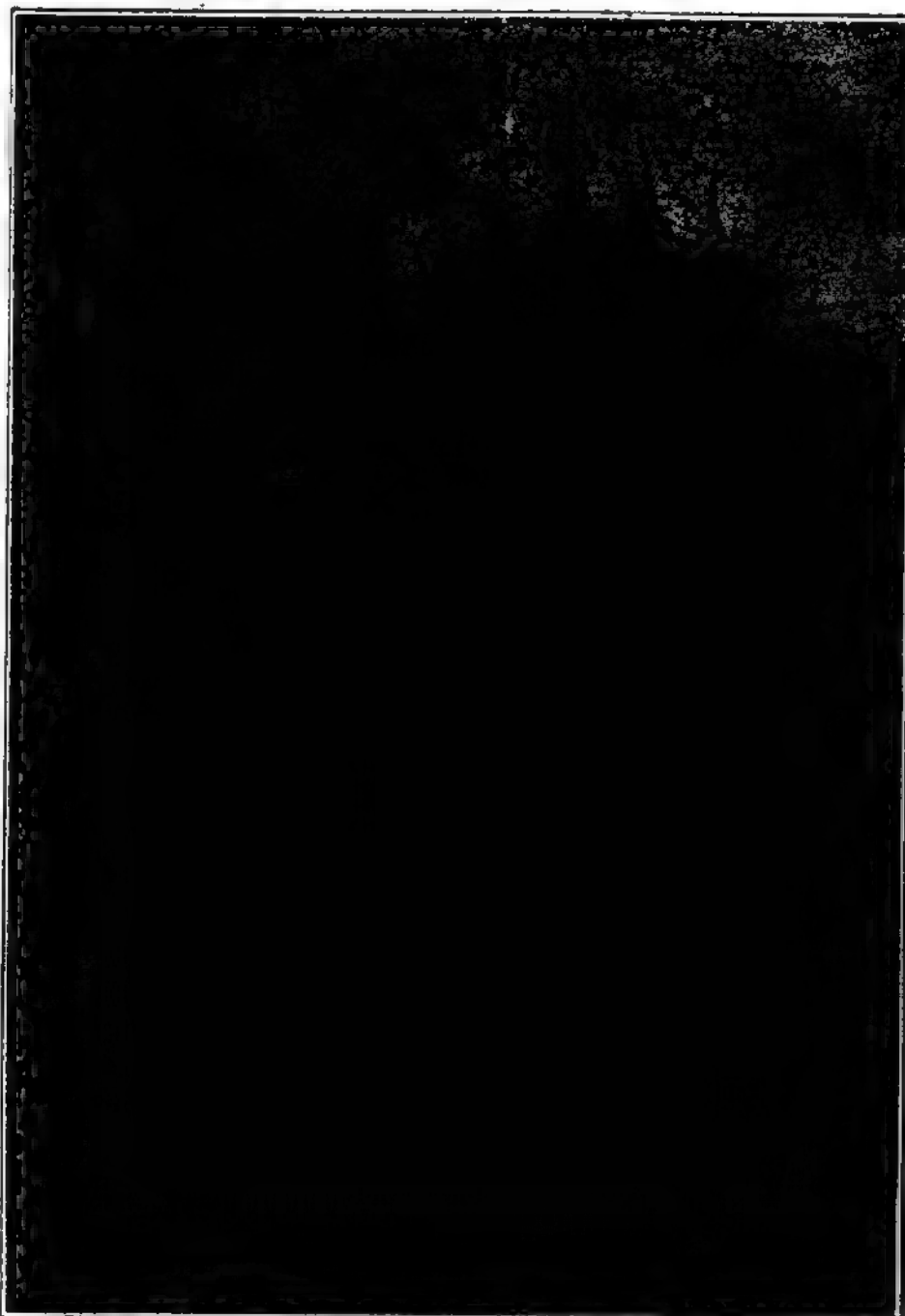
On the Islay mail packet steamer in Scotland the other day a most amusing aspect was given to a Yankee utterance by the smart retort of a Scotchman. The American damned with faint praise the beauties of the Highland lochs and rivers, and, with a big display of spread eagles, sang a psalm in favour of the American Rhine, the Hudson, which he somewhat irreverently styled "God's own river." "That may be a' true," cannily responded the child of the mist, "bit I'm thinkin' the Almighty didna tak' as much trouble wi' the Hudson as He did wi' the Kyles o' Bute or West Loch Tarbert!"

## CANADIAN CHURCHES, XI.

## St. Peter's, Brockville.

The Church of England is represented in Brockville by three congregations, of which St. Peter's is the oldest, Trinity and St. Paul's having been formed by swarms from the parent hive. The history of the parish of St. Peter's dates from the early part of the century. As early as 1798 ministerial acts seem to have been performed, and in 1814 the townships of Elizabethtown and Augusta were formed into a parish under Rev. John Bethune, afterwards Dean of Montreal. In 1819 Elizabethtown became a separate parish, leaving Brockville to itself, but the first authentic records date in June, 1820, when Rev. John Leeds was, as he signed himself, "officiating minister." The Synod records, however, give the date of the formation of the parish as 1814, there being only four older, namely: St. George's, Kingston, 1785; Bath, 1787; Trinity, Cornwall, 1803; and Williamsburg, about 1811.

The church was built in 1826 or 1827, Mr. Reynolds, father of Junior Judge Reynolds and S. Reynolds, Deputy Clerk of the Crown, both still residents of Brockville, doing the carpenter work. It was completed and consecrated on the 31st of August, 1834, the ceremony being performed by the Right Rev. Charles James Stewart, Lord Bishop of Quebec. The Hon. Charles Jones had given the site, a commanding one, and he handed over the title deeds and keys to the Bishop, who afterwards entrusted them to Henry Jones, Paul Glassford and John Bogert, to hold in trust for the use of the parish. The first confirmation was held in the church on the 27th of October, 1835, by the Bishop of Quebec, when 31 persons were confirmed. The next was held in 1840, by the Lord Bishop of



EXTERIOR.

Toronto, the diocese having been meantime divided.

St. Peter's is in the form of a Latin cross. The original edifice consisted of only the front part or nave of the present building. In 1851 it was enlarged and the transept and chancel added. The new part was at first seated with benches, but in 1853 the entire building was re-seated with pews of solid black walnut, which still remain. A number of square pews were then done away with. The organ was at that time in the gallery. In 1859 an organ chamber was built where the main building and the east transept intersect, and a new organ placed therein. In January, 1875, the organ was destroyed by fire and the church somewhat damaged, a man who had a mania for such deeds having applied the incendiary's torch. When restored, a new organ by Warren was procured.

The handsome stained glass window in the chancel was brought from New York when the church was enlarged and placed there by the munificence of D. B. O. Ford, assisted by Mrs. Bogert and Mrs. Sidney Jones. It was soon after damaged by some miscreant having fired several bullets through it, the small holes having remained till recently. A small window over the large one referred to was added recently by Mrs. Samuel Keefer, who also presented a very fine brass altar cross in memory of her mother, Mrs. Pocock, wife of Capt. Pocock, R.N.

The pews were originally freehold, and according to an old list the price ranged from £8 to £60. The parish has no endowment, except a good rectory house and garden, with a block of land near by used for cemetery purposes, but recently leased to the town and converted into a public park. Hon. Charles Jones, who gave the site for the church, by deed, dated 3rd December, 1812, also gave a lot for a parsonage, which was afterwards sold and the present more suitable

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, BROCKVILLE.—Interior.  
CANADIAN CHURCHES, XI.



one purchased. In 1888 the church was thoroughly repaired and decorated, and the organ removed to the transept. A number of windows of cathedral glass were inserted.

The rectors of St. Peter's have been Revs. J. Leeds, C. Stewart, Wenham, Denroche, Dr. Lewis (who left it when elected first bishop of Ontario) Dr. Wm. Lauder, (afterwards Dean) Tane, Mulock, Low, F. L. Stevenson and Dr. Bedford-Jones, Archdeacon of Kingston and present incumbent. Trinity swarmed off in 1875 and St Paul's in 1885.

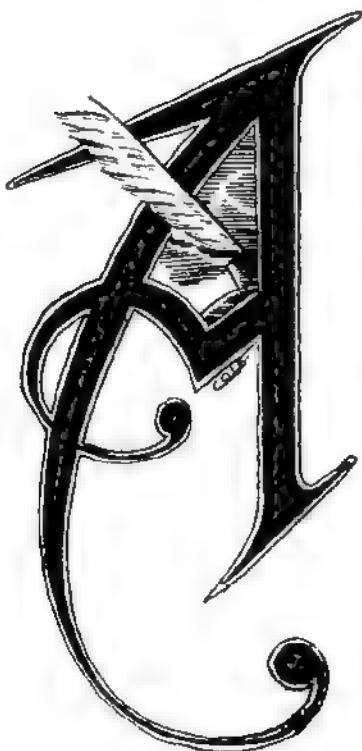
St. Peter's is a substantial stone structure, rough cast on the exterior. It has a square tower, in which hangs a fine bell, the largest in the town. Last year the school house, a good stone building which stands close by the church, was decorated and furnished. It is handsomely fitted up in the east end as a chapel room, which can be shut off completely from the rest of the structure by folding doors, while in the west end is a stage and curtains available for all sorts of entertainments. It has accommodation for some 300, as the church can seat 800.

As one of the earlier of the Canadian churches St. Peter's possesses considerable interest. Our views give a representation of its exterior and interior. The church and properties are valued at \$42,000.00



TORONTO, 21st August, 1891.

NOTHER poet! Yes, indeed, very truly so. But young yet, and not well read, but a poet for all that. In hiding, as it were, at present—trying his wings—and very pretty wings they are; how strong remains to be seen when he shall emerge upon them from his present retreat within a hundred miles of Niagara. A very sweet song of "Lost Lilies" charmed my own ear lately, and should it come your way, Mr. Editor, I hope you will like it so well as to give everybody an opportunity of hearing it. The poet is patriotic, too, but we will wait until he speaks for himself.



Ah, that Niagara! The home of poets. Not content with that prince of Canadian epic writers, William Kirby, and the memory of the cultivated and earnest Plumb, and the clear sweet notes of the singer that gave us "Fort George's Lonely Sycamore" with many another lofty song, Janet Carnochan; it hides among its bosky shades one of whom we have heard little lately, yet love well, Charles Sangster.

It was with profound regret I learned that Mr. Sangster's health has entirely given way, that his nerves are shattered, and this at far too early an age. May the cool waters and life-giving breezes of our beautiful river and lake soothe the weary spirit and restore to its wonted vigour the quick susceptibility of the poet, so that before another year he may be able to give to a waiting country the poems of these latter years, when in enforced retirement he has yet not been idle, but has written more and of a more exquisite quality than we have yet received from his pen. The manuscript is said to be all ready for the press, but Mr. Sangster feels himself unable to undertake the task of its publication.

Yet are we not waiting for some more poetry—of our own Canadian muse?

It was in one of those farm houses, such as Homer describes, where cultivated minds are not ashamed of being caught at rough hard work, where, indeed, I read for the

first time, Virgil's Georgics—not in the original I grant you—that I also found last year's volumes—in half calf—of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, and was challenged to show where was a better periodical, a more intelligent, cultivated, captivating one. And the positive tone in which it was asserted that though England might compete, perhaps, the United States was entirely out of the running, placed controversy on the matter entirely out of the question. Not being the editor I did not blush.

The Hamilton Saengerfest has been a great success in every way, and it is more than satisfactory to know that one of our own young artistes, Miss Nora Clench, took a prominent part in so important and artistic an event. Miss Clench comes of sound loyalist stock, men and women who helped to make and save the country, and it is an honour to us and to her that she gives her genius to the land of her birth, and will not be ashamed to call herself Canadian wherever her gifts may lead her in the future.

I saw the tomb of Miss Clench's grandfather, or great uncle, Ralfe Clench, lately, in a very quiet spot; a large flat tomb—the lettering scarcely decipherable, within its neat railed enclosure on what, not so very long since, was the Butler farm. The Clench tomb was quiet and intact, but close by was another that haunts my memory like a spectre—a vault—the Butler vault—where lie the remains of Col. John Butler, of Butler's Rangers, with his wife. The remains, indeed, for the vault has been broken into, the contents stolen or destroyed, yet one may see—oh, melancholy sight! some remains of what was once a good, a great, a patriotic man, lying at the bottom of the cave now open to the bats—nay, worse—to the ghouls who have desecrated its holy quiet, who have broken and scattered the tomb-stones that once studded the little knoll—once shaded by trees now cut down—who have broken down its fences, and made the place a dwelling for the owls and bats.

The desecration is only of the present year, and is therefore the more disgraceful. None is left of the direct Butler line, it is believed, but whether an heir be found or not it will be upon the honour of Canada to see that the Butler burying ground be either protected or the remains removed to St. Mark's, Niagara, and that something be done for the protection of the other Loyal dust that lies thick within what was once its enclosure. There are names there of Freels, Clans, Muirhead and others, that at least deserve the respect of their descendants, whether of blood or country.

Mr. Kirby very properly thinks that the family burying-grounds of early Canada would furnish valuable historic records worthy of the research and industry they would demand for their careful investigation, and we know that the Province of Ontario is especially rich in such relics.

A society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has just been organized at Niagara Falls South—or Drummondville, as it was formerly and more properly called.

The prime mover in the affair is Miss Bush, a lady of wealth and position, whose love of animals is well known. Last year this lady prosecuted the Clifton Street Car Company for overworking in cruel fashion their horses, but withdrew the prosecution on promise of amendment on the part of the company. Experience appeared to teach the company nothing, however, and this year, to my own knowledge, two of their horses had sores on their hips, while more than once a horse fell down from weakness. The run from Clifton to Drummondville is a long and rough one and would tax good, well-cared for animals, so that the broken down hacks the company affects are the more disgraceful to them. It was felt that the force of public sentiment needed setting at the back of the law, which is very imperfect at best in this particular, and therefore the society was organized. The president is a very overworked but large-hearted gentleman, the Rev. Canon Bull.

The Society of American Florists, who accepted the invitation of the Florists' Association of Canada to hold their annual meeting in this city, have been very busy and very happy this week. The Horticultural pavilion was decorated beautifully for the meetings, and Mr. Vice-President John Chambers, of the Exhibition Grounds, Toronto, together with his colleagues in the city, had his hands full.

Some very excellent papers were read,—one particularly looking to the dethronement of the geranium as a chief bedding plant and the substitution therefor of *Cannas*, *Castor-beans* and some ornamental grasses, &c. These are, however, a good many points in favour of the geranium, particularly for small gardens, but our florists do well to be on the search for new ideas. Gardening is already a profession, and deserves the honour accorded to professions. However desirable it is, and indeed necessary too—to begin young—as it is said Sir Joseph Paxton did, poking his little nose through the palings of the Chatsworth garden where the Duke saw him, and seeing the child was full of ardour after flower growing sent him to his gardener for employment; however necessary it may be to begin young it would be well if our florists encouraged the pursuit of the higher education in their acolytes, for knowledge, though it be golden, is also the more valuable for polish and elegance.

A gardener who has achieved excellent results in one of our public resorts, lately showed a fine botanical collection of the flora of the place that he had made within two years and this was its history: "I used," he said, "to feel so cheap when people would come to me, as the head gardener, to ask the name of plants they had gathered in the grounds; so I determined to study botany, and I did not find it half as difficult as I thought, being scared by the Latin. Now I know the value of the scientific terms, and some day I may be called a botanist—a bit of a one you know."

I hope so, indeed. A middle-aged man who has the gift in him to learn science rather than look 'cheap' can do much more.

This reminds me to speak in terms of praise of the Abbé Laflamme's paper, read at the last meeting of the Royal Society and translated by the historian, William Kingford.

The idea of a travelling, or itinerant, university for the plain men and women (honnête gens) of Canada,—I do not know whether the abbé includes women in his scheme—is an adaptation of a plan already at work in England with good results. Where, indeed, are the bad results of the higher education? As M. the Abbé says: Perhaps one of the results of a liberal education within the reach of our people may be that they will be more easily governed. Well, Canadians are not very difficult to govern, but of course the wiser they are, by means of open, liberal, logical learning, the more they will see that government should be of the people, not for the people, but that if the people persist in being ignorant, superstitious and ill-bred, they must be governed, whereas under the proper regime of each man governing himself there will be nothing for legislators to do but to put in execution the concrete wishes of the people themselves. *Vive l'Intelligence!*

Very warm weather, yet people get married all the same. Make it an excuse for running off to the sea. Professor Augustus Stephen Vogt, organist of the Jarvis street Baptist church in this city, married Miss Georgia Adelaide McGill, daughter of the manager of the Ontario Bank at Bowmanville, on Thursday. All happiness attend them.

Our favourite elocutionist, Miss Jessie Alexander, is off to New York, there to add to her repertoire some new selections for the coming winter. But why not have looked some up for herself among the works of our native poets? S. A. CURZON.

### Cut for a New Deal.

A Chicago parson, who is also a school teacher, handed a problem to his class in mathematics. The first boy took it awhile and said:

"I pass."

The second boy took it, and said:

"I turn it down."

The third boy stared at it awhile, and drawled out:

"I can't make it."

"Very good, boys," said the parson; "we will proceed to cut for a new deal."

And with this remark the leather danced like lightning over the shoulders of those depraved young mathematicians.—*National Weekly.*

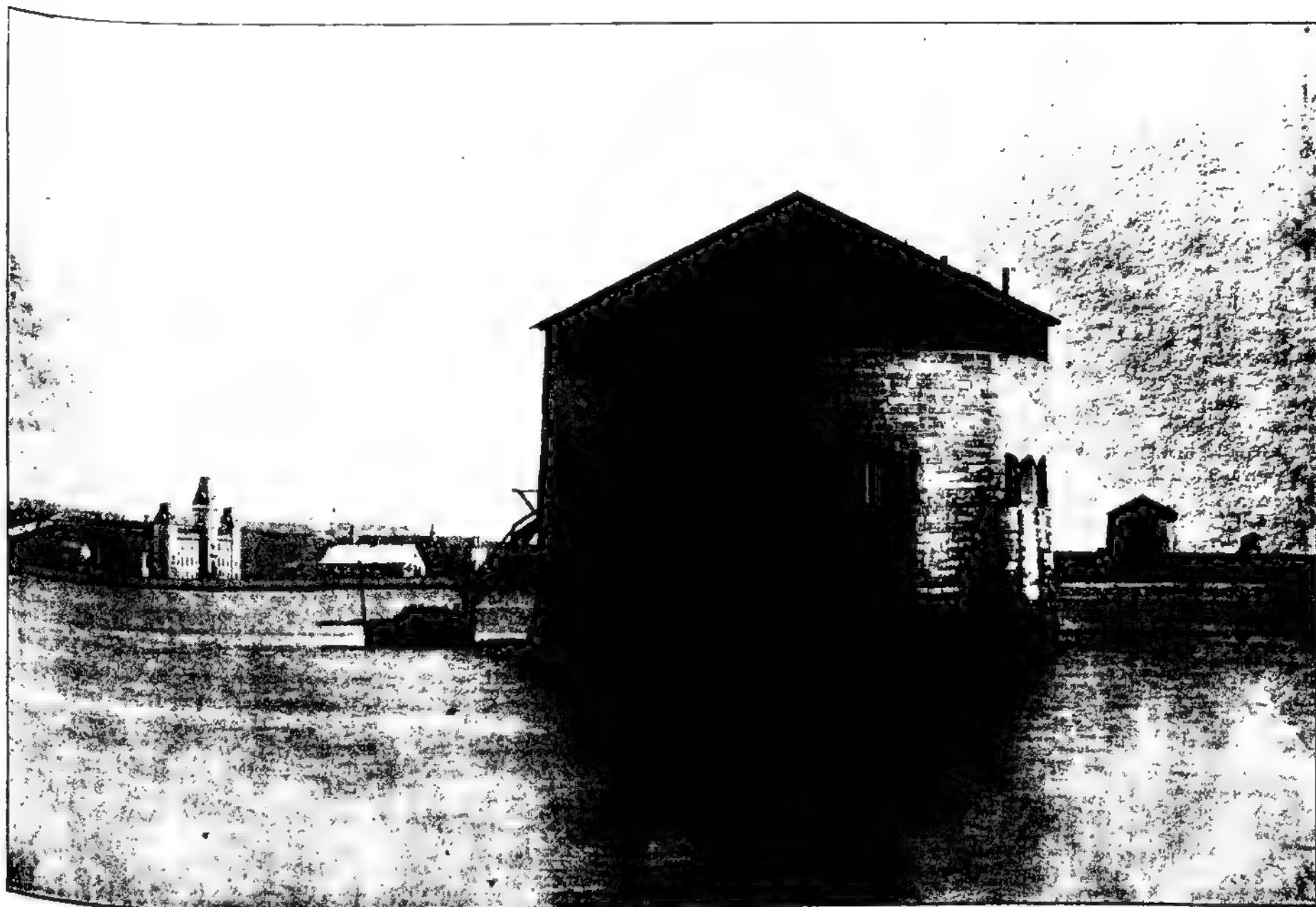
## The Late Rev. Dr. Bill.

The Baptist church is strong in numbers in the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. It has a strong and effective organization, splendid educational institutions under its own control, and is extremely active in mission and all other religious works. There are those still living, however, who can recall a time when its membership was comparatively small and its church edifices far less numerous and imposing. There has just passed away, at the ripe age of 86 years, one to whom this church owed much, and who has been lovingly styled the father of the Baptist ministry in New Brunswick. Rev. Ingraham E. Bill, D.D., was born at Cornwallis, N.S., in 1805. When he had but just attained to manhood his father's death left him in possession of a valuable property for those days. He married at 22 and settled down to farming. But those were days of great religious earnestness, and under the fervid preaching of Rev. Messrs. Manning and Harding many "revivals" occurred in that and other parts of the province. The young farmer had been converted while in his 17th year, and in 1827 there came upon him the conviction that he must enter the ministry. He gave up his business and began to preach, his first sermon being delivered in the house of Mr. William Eaton in Lower Canard, N. S. He continued as a licensed preacher for two years, and was duly ordained in the year 1829. The work of the ministry at that time was exceedingly laborious and self-denying, but the young man entered upon it with enthusiasm. For 20 years he was pastor of the church at Nictaux, Annapolis county, and during that time held remarkably successful "revivals" in other parts of the province. The work was early extended to the adjoining province of New Brunswick and the year 1840 found Rev. Mr. Bill dedicating a new



THE LATE REV. I. E. BILL, D.D.

church in the city of Fredericton. For two years he was its pastor and then returned to Nova Scotia. In 1853 he was called to the Germain street church, St. John, and accepted. Here he preached for 11 years, and then for a time retired from pastoral work; but in 1874, when he was almost 70 years of age, he accepted a call to St. Martins, N.B., and laboured there for 12 years. In 1886 he retired and has since, up to the time of his death on the 5th of the present month, lived quietly at St. Martins, retaining his wonderful vitality almost to the last. Wherever he laboured during his 60 years of active work his success was remarkable and he was revered and beloved by the entire denomination. But he was more than a preacher. From the first he was an ardent friend of higher education, and the splendid educational institutions of the Baptists in the lower provinces owe much to his zeal and energy. About the year 1844 he travelled over a large portion of the United States collecting money for this purpose, and in 1850 went to England on the same errand, with marked success in both instances. He was associate editor, then editor, and for a time proprietor of the *Christian Visitor*, now called the *Messenger and Visitor*, the organ of the denomination. His "Fifty Years Among the Baptists" is a large volume, containing much valuable historical information. In 1880, Acadia College conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. Rev. Dr. Bill was twice married, his second wife surviving him. He leaves three sons,—Rev. I. E. Bill, Liverpool, N.S.; E. M. Bill, now in Australia, and Caleb Bill, a professor of music at Cambridge. As one of the pioneers; as preacher, lecturer, teacher and writer, Rev. Dr. Bill conferred upon his denomination benefits, the importance of which it is not easy to estimate. His name was a household word, and his memory will be fondly cherished.



MARTELLO TOWER, IN KINGSTON HARBOUR.



# SIDNEY'S LOVE AFFAIR.

BY WALTON S. SMITH.

## PART II.—Continued.

With a pang, the jealous observer saw his friend rise to his full height, more than six feet in his boots, and bend his stately head in graceful salutation. In spite of himself, it came to him that these two were made for each other. They both made such a picture of youth and beauty and health. Frank, with the light playing on his golden locks, without the customary grin to mar the chiselled outline of his features, his blue eyes full of deep expression, was a sight no young girl might look on unmoved. And Miss Caldwell smiled on him as she returned his bow; when she raised her head it was to peer shyly at him again with appreciative eyes. And moreover there was less of the dreamy contemplation in those eyes now!

Sidney groaned miserably.

"What chance has five feet five, ugly and fat, against six feet of robust symmetry, in the regard of a young girl?" he mused sadly. Alas poor Sidney!

Then he cursed under his breath as the hopeless answer came. And he slipped from the room through another window that was conveniently near. He strode hastily along the verandah and thence to a terraced walk commanding a view of the river. Leaning his elbows on a railing that was there, he gazed out over the scene, but said nothing.

The evening breeze blew up from the water, cool and refreshing; the sun was well down in the west; and the birds were singing, but not so merrily as an hour ago. For the twilight approached and the night was to follow with its peace and stillness.

My hero remained there but a few minutes, long enough for his feelings to resume something akin to their normal state. Naturally erratic and impulsive, he was liable to act strangely. But in the end his conceit, a predominant feature in his character, asserted its sway. Nature is truly an all thoughtful dispenser! She seldom fails to provide those whose personal appearance is their sore point with a reserve supply of self-confidence wherewith to soothe the wounded sensibilities.

"Is it right that one man should be thought more of than another because forsooth his face and form are more pleasing?" asked Sidney rebelliously. He frowned into space a moment, then went on more composedly.

"But still—would I change places with Frank Merton? Would I barter my brains for his beauty or my culture for his muscle? Ah! which of us will be the better man a score of years hence? Which the most admired and famous? I, Sidney March, of course."

And he threw a pebble viciously down at a staid old gander waddling peacefully along the path at the base of the wall on which the terrace was. Then, feeling somewhat relieved in mind, he returned to the house.

Mrs. Peyton, who had entered meanwhile, came forward and playfully lectured him for his desertion.

"Star gazing before sunset Sidney—you require looking after!" and she eyed him quizzically.

"Cares of business, nervous prostration, subject to sudden fits of—" and he wound up by an unintelligible murmur. He saw Miss Smiling listening, and realized it would not be advisable to account

for his desertion by stating, as he had intended, that he was subject to sudden fits of the blues.

"I hope you enjoyed the view," said the hostess. "I looked out a moment ago and you were on the terrace staring fixedly at something on the path beneath. I did not disturb you because I knew you would give us the result of your reverie. What is it, pray?"

And she stood before him with an air of mock entreaty.

"It was not a reverie," said Sidney shortly. Then he roused himself and went on impressively. "But there was an old gander on that path and his actions gave me much food for abstract speculation. He was very white and very dignified. I observed with admiration the regal air that was in his swaying gait. And I felt somehow it must be an important errand that called forth such a dignitary—something perhaps in which the welfare of a large clan of geese and goslings was nearly concerned. And as I watched him he stopped, deliberated a moment, then pecked vigorously at his left wing. Beautiful sight to note the instantaneous transition from pompous motion to perfect repose and thence to excited action—from the concerns of the commonwealth to those of the toilet. Couldn't help thinking his conduct rather frivolous though, so I even chucked a stone at him and came away."

Sidney finished his speech and looked gravely about him at his smiling audience. And for the first time he became aware that there were other people in the room who had entered, presumably, during his short absence. Mrs. Peyton laid her hand on his arm—"Let me introduce you to the Caldwells," she whispered, and he was accordingly led up and presented to the strangers.

Mrs. Caldwell was a kind, sweet-voiced old lady with an accent unmistakably English. In young Mr. Caldwell he recognized the man whom Frank and he had seen a few hours previously, the male performer in the tableaux of youth and love—the ardent boy in fact. And so she was his sister. Sidney felt so elated that he made bold to smile when presented to that sister. And he was about to sink into a seat beside her, when the servant entered to announce that tea was waiting.

That was an unsatisfactory meal for poor Sidney. The object of his regard was seated far away from him. Young Caldwell hedged her off on one side, and her mother on the other. Sidney felt that it was a clumsy arrangement, and he marvelled that the hostess should countenance it. Ordinarily, she was quick to arrange for the comfort of her guests. And now he was obliged to listen to Miss Smiling's inane talk and to minister to the many wants of Mrs. Cowan. He felt that life was full of trials. Time was when he had not found Miss Smiling uninteresting. But he was too low-spirited to exert himself. He even forgot to feel maliciously pleased that Frank had been placed at the head of the table where he was far removed from the lady of his choice. With unaccustomed dullness he had failed to note that this had been manœuvred by Miss Smiling herself. That young lady had not forgiven Mr. Merton for his behaviour when Miss Caldwell was introduced to him. She did not know the true inwardness of the matter, and as yet Merton had had no chance to inform her. So she availed her-

self of Sidney's preoccupied state, and, by dint of adroit management, contrived to oust Frank from the privilege of sitting by her. Mrs. Peyton had intended Sidney to take the head of the table; he was a connection and one who could, when he chose, fill the position admirably. But the meal was a very informal one; each guest sat pretty much where he or she chanced to come to a halt on entering. This small conspiracy on the part of the offended young lady was by no means a decided success. It was rather the contrary; for instead of having Frank near at hand, all attention to serve her and to amuse her, she had the very shell of a man. One whose mind was not one whit intent on his duty, whose every sense was on the alert watching another girl.

And that big-boned, ruddy faced young Caldwell persisted in thrusting himself forward so as to shut off his view! Alack, we all have our crosses to bear! Sidney did not take kindly to his; he paid small attention to Mrs. Cowan and treated Miss Smiling's remarks with scant courtesy. Fortunately, though, they were old friends; and, as such, well used to his ways. They merely exchanged meaningless smiles, and allowed him to continue as unsociable as he pleased. Sidney's whimsical nature was a byword amongst his friends; none of them dreamed of taking offence at treatment from him which, from another, would have met with the hottest resentment. For, despite his odd ways and fantastic effervescence he was at heart good. And withal he was a general favourite.

Both Sidney and Frank were inveterate cigarette smokers, and at no time does the desire for the weed come upon one so strongly as after a meal. When the former came up to his friend with an appealing look, he was met directly with the question:—

"Got any cigarettes, old man?"

Sidney groaned. "Not one. Left mine in the boat. You might run down and get them," he said hesitatingly. "They will be in the stern somewhere—sure to be in the stern; you cannot miss them," he added persuasively.

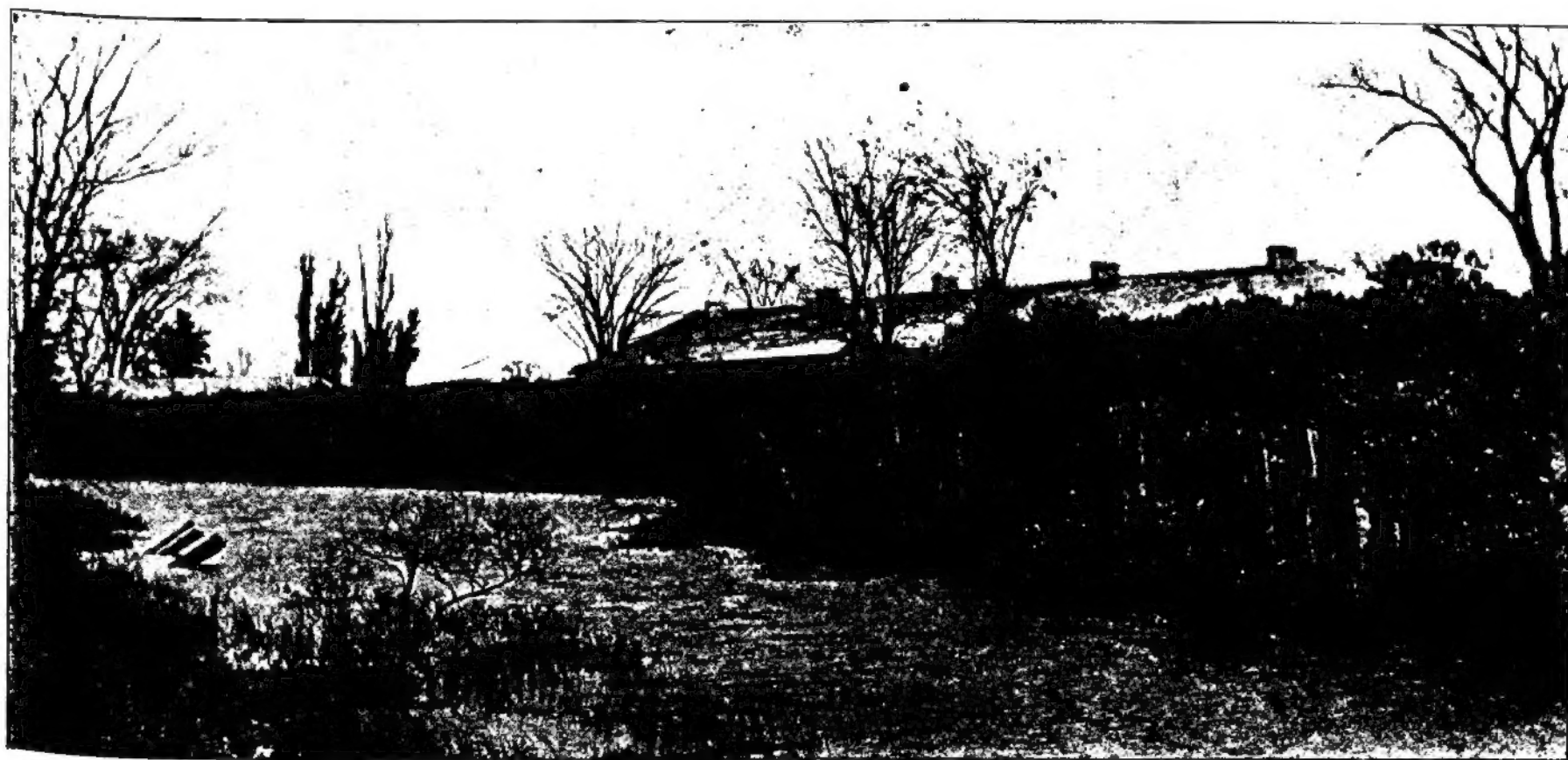
But Frank only laughed. He well knew that his friend must have a smoke or die; and he was also aware that he, personally, was not inclined to march down to the boathouse to procure that which would be brought to him by another if he only had a little patience.

The end was that Sidney, with rage in his heart, was obliged to tramp down himself.

"That villain Frank shall not have one," he vowed, as he selected one from the case and lighted it. He threw himself upon the grass by the bank of the river to enjoy the luxury in which his soul delighted. And he chuckled selfishly as he conjured up a vision of his friend's anxious expectation. "Do him good to wait awhile!" he assured himself.

But, as he lay there in the light of the setting sun, his mind reverted again to Miss Caldwell. Strange that this girl, with whom he had as yet exchanged but a conventional smile, should influence him so. Surely it was not an ordinary thing! And, what eyes she had! How shy she seemed, and yet, for all that, so perfectly at ease. And there was an interesting melancholy in her expression—although, was it





THE GREAT DITCH AT ISLE-AUX-NOIX, P.Q.  
OUR MILITARY RUINS.

melancholy? Verily the girl was presented to him as a confused study. He must speak to her and judge for himself. He got up then and hastened back to the house. In order to prolong Frank's agony of expectation he made for a side entrance, and so avoided the people on the front verandah. He would slip in amongst them quietly if possible. As he passed along the hall, he heard voices. They came apparently through the open casements of the drawing-room; evidently the ladies were on that part of the verandah, and he determined to join them as unobtrusively as he could by way of the window.

He entered the room and was about to act up to the design, when he was arrested by a figure standing right in his path. It was Miss Caldwell; she was quite alone. The red light from the western sky, where the sun, but a moment before, had vanished, outlined her form and shed a radiance over her soft brown hair. A fit pose for the eyes of our enraptured lover! One arm was uplifted grasping the flimsy lace curtain, by which she was partly shrouded. The posture, though unstudied, brought out the graceful proportions of the girl's figure. Sidney's was an eye that instinctively appreciated beauty. And here was the embodiment of grace and beauty, with the ruddy glow of a new-born twilight shed over her with subdued lustre. What wonder if he gazed and marvelled that such exquisite grace could be in one maiden. He was young, and the blood that coursed through his veins was hot. And there was in him a strain (inherited maybe from some old song singing ancestor) that made him quick to respond to the sense of the beautiful—that fired his soul, even as the sweetest music does, and uplifted him far above the clogging restraints of ordinary life. For the man who has imagination is not bound down to the hard material facts and figures of this world. And my hero was blessed, or, as the case may be, cursed with imagination. All the poetry in his nature was stirred at the sight of this unconscious girl. And it seemed as if his heart went out to her somehow, nearer, and marked the rapt look with which she gazed forth, admiring the after-glow, and the light therefrom illumined her face. Ah! surely the world was a better one now that he knew it held such a divinity. What a love of nature the girl had to be sure! Her position altered not; nor did her eyes move from the survey of the sky. "What were the thoughts that conjured up that look of

dreamy melancholy to her face?" Sidney wondered.

"Could it be that she too yearned for the unattainable—that her's was a nature apart from other natures, even as his own was? Did she also strive to pierce the mists that veiled life from life, wiping off the eternity that was before our birth from the memory? Ah!" As this idea came to him, Sidney was conscious of a thrill of pleasure unspeakable. Yes, he had found at last a kindred soul,—nay, rather say he had again become united to his other self.

For had he not known her in that dim past which his poor earthly memory failed utterly to recall, but of whose existence he was so certain? Had not their two souls been linked together in that shadow land? Of course they had; he knew it. And, as his thoughts were thus engaged, as his spirit seemed as if it would leave its fleshy cell and confer with her spirit, he saw that the girl was vaguely disquieted. Perhaps she, too, was conscious that her other self was at hand! She turned slowly, and her eyes stared into his in a startled way. But, withal, there was a half smile in her face, and that half smile brought to the entranced Sidney the fullness of joy. His brain reeled and a darkness seemed to descend and cloud the whole world from him and her. It was as if they two were alone utterly.

He was conscious of the fact that in the midst of the darkness there was a light; and, in the centre of the light, was this girl's face. Round about in the gloom was a sound as of rushing wind. There the tempest roared and the rain beat; here, before him, was the light, and here was the angel's face!

God knows what might have been! My fantastic young hero was so worked up, and his mind so unsettled, that time was not, and place was forgotten. Possibly his next vision would have found the girl in his arms—maybe there would have been no next vision. For, with minds constituted like unto his, the dividing line betwixt fact and fancy may not be crossed with impunity. There is that in the world of fancy that it was not well for Sidney to encounter too often. There are men who dream dread dreams and rave horribly. You have, perhaps, seen them behind the bars of a madhouse. These men originally were not given to more extravagant vagaries than Sidney March. But they crossed from the matter of fact, and remained too long in the realm beyond. And now they cannot return; they are not as other men.

But fortunately there came an interruption. Sidney heard the sound of unwonted bustle in the darkness that was round about him; he heard the tramp of feet, and vaguely he marvelled. Then—ah!—a voice was speaking. What was its message? He listened with strained ears, but there was still that rushing, crashing sound, and the words came not distinctly. Instinctively he strove to collect himself, and lo!—

"You here, too, Mr. March! I have been looking everywhere for this little truant. I fear it will be lonely for her here, poor dear."

And little Mrs. Cowan smiled upon the girl whose figure overtopped her own diminutive one by half a head. Then, with a nod to my hero, she passed from his sight, and brought the lady of his love along with her. Sidney, all dazed and shaken, followed after them through the open window, and approached the little group on the gallery.

He was greeted by a cry from the hostess,—  
"Here he is!—come along Sidney! I have promised them you shall tell us an amusing story."

The others glanced at him with an expectant smile, but Sidney responded not. In truth, though his face did not reveal it, his mind was still dazed and confused. He muttered unintelligibly, and sank wearily into a chair that was some distance removed from them.

Those of the others who were well used to his whims thought but little of this. It was but another black mood, another of his interesting fits of brooding. He would brighten up presently; and so they left him in peace, returning again to desultory conversation. Frank was there, stretched contentedly at Miss Smiling's feet; he had a lighted cigarette in his hand, which he had obtained from young Caldwell. The last was on the outskirts of the group, and he was also smoking. But, as Mrs. Cowan appeared, escorting her young charge, he rose quickly, threw away his cigarette, and arranged a seat for both near by. Moreover, he was infinitely more careful about the comfort of Mrs. Cowan's charge than for that of the lady herself. Such conduct in a brother was strange, not to say unprecedented. Had Sidney's wits not been clouded by the late transport that he had experienced, he would have noted this. And perhaps—for he had a marvellously quick brain—his speculation thereat might have resulted in changing this history. As it was, however, he did not observe the significant action.

(To be continued.)





SCENES AT THE LACROSSE MATCH, MONTREAL VS. STATEN ISLAND, 22nd AUGUST, 1890.  
(By our Special Artist.)

# SPORTS AND PASTIMES



ABOUT the time that this issue of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED is going to press the lucky people who have been able to spend the last couple of weeks at Willsborough Point will be breaking camp, after perhaps the most enjoyable meet in the history of the American Canoe Association.

It is only eleven years ago since the A.C.A. was organized by Mr. H. N. Bishop, who seems to have deserved the title of the apostle of canoeing. In 1880 with a nucleus of twenty members the Association held its first meet at Lake George. Since then Stony Lake, Bow and Arrow Point, the Thousand Islands, Peconic Bay and Willsborough Point have had the honour of the meet once or oftener; and in this comparatively short time the membership has passed the two thousand mark. Considerably more interest has been taken on this side of the line in the work of the Association since the formation of the Northern division, which includes all Canadian territory, in 1886, shortly after the formation of the Eastern division. The story of the delights of camping out and roughing it a little has oft been told, but in these cases the real rough part was when the fish wouldn't bite or a shot could not be got for love or money, and the tinned beef had slunk into nothing but the tin, and the appetite had exaggerated itself until it became like unto Mr. Wardle's Joe's appetite. And then to make matters worse you were a good twenty miles from a store house, and a thunder storm came up, and made up its mind to keep company with you all day, while to amuse itself the while it lashed the river into a state of excitement that was too dangerous for even your newly-made English bark to navigate. Hungry, tired, wet, you pull your craft out on the shore, turn it upside down and try to keep a little drier than you did before. And then when the rain does stop and you tramp along, every little zephyr will send down a miniature shower from the trees above. Then it is that the delights of home, sweet home, or a second class boarding house make themselves particularly impressive on one's imagination. Of course when the weather gets fine again and you breakfast off a bass, your troubles are forgotten and life is new again. The only misfortune is that you were too hungry to send that bass home to your friends so that they could see for themselves just how big it was.

Now at Willsborough Point there were none of these drawbacks, for right in the centre of the camp was situated a commodious pavilion where campers could board for \$1.00 a day. Considering the appetites that were worked up during the first week, the caterer did not make a fortune certainly. Then besides every convenience was had for those whose business only permitted an occasional visit to the camp. The location of the site was a happy thought and it would be difficult to have hit on a more suitable spot. Jutting out into Lake Champlain and well covered with fine old shade trees, with the open lake on one side, where all variety of weather could be looked for, and Willsborough lay on the other side so thoroughly protected that it formed the best kind of a harbour with deep water piers, that enabled the largest lake steamers to land passengers. With these and many more advantages it is not to be wondered at that breaking up day was looked forward to with regret. At one time there were over three hundred canoists in camp and Squaw Point was well populated by the ladies. Canada sent a fair sized contingent, and for the third time Mr. Ford Jones, of Brockville, comes back with the highest canoeing honours, while the success of Mr. Paul Butler, of Lowell, Mass., was as gratifying to all the campers as it was to himself. This was the first time in the history of the Association that the camp lasted three weeks. Hitherto the races, which, next to enjoying oneself, form the principal feature of the meet, have been held just previous to breaking camp, but this time they were sandwiched in between the first and third week. A summary of the principal races follows:—

Owner.	Canoe.	Club.	Time.
Ford Jones	Canuck	Brockville	1 56 38
Paul Butler	Bee	Vespers	1 57 53
T. S. Oxholm	Bee	Yonkers	1 58 20
W. C. Lee	Rush	Toronto	2 00 03
W. F. Sweeney	Xmas	Toronto	2 00 27

This cup, which was presented three years ago by E. H. Barnie, of Springfield, was won last year by Paul Butler. The record paddling race showed the following three out of the twenty-five placed:—

W. Parson, Springfield	1
E. C. Moore, Knickerbocker	2
H. D. Murphy, Vesper	3

In the unlimited sailing race, which is over a six mile course, the only stipulation being that the race must be sailed within two hours and a half, the position and time of the first three were:—

Owner.	Club.	Time.
Paul Butler	Vespers	1 03 00
T. S. Oxholm	Yonkers	1 07 17
Ford Jones	Brockville	1 08 53

The Canadian made an excellent showing in the one mile trophy paddling race. The score is appended:—

Owner.	Club.	Time.
R. G. Muntz	Spark (Argonaut)	6 39
M. F. Johnston	Vera (Toronto)	6 41
J. H. Carnegie	Coboconk (Toronto)	6 44
H. R. Tilley	Ieta (Toronto)	7 14
E. C. Knappe	Springfield	7 15

The next record event was the combined paddling and sailing. The course was three miles, sailing and paddling alternately each half mile. The order of finish was as follows:—

Ray Sweeney, Toronto	1
W. F. Martin, Mohican	2
W. F. Sweeney, Toronto	3
W. C. Lee, Toronto	4
E. C. Knappe, Springfield	5
D. D. Gessler, Knickerbocker	6
W. E. Parson, Springfield	7
H. L. Quick, Yonkers	8

The war canoe race was won by the Albany canoe Mohican, which had ten paddlers, over the Googoozenia of the Puritans, which had only six men.

The event of the meet was the trophy sailing race. Everybody looked for a most exciting contest between Ford Jones and Paul Butler, the latter being considered the only man who had any chance with the Brockvillian, but he was unfortunate. In going out he collided with the dock and knocked a hole in the Bee and of course could not start. Jones did not take the lead until after the second round when he quickly gained on Oxholm and kept increasing the lead until at last he won by five minutes. Following is the summary of the trophy sailing race:—

Ford Jones, Brockville	1
T. S. Oxholm, Yonkers	2
D. D. Gessler, New York	3
C. E. Archbald, Montreal	4
L. B. Palmer, Newark	5
G. P. Douglass, Newark	6
R. F. Brazer, Lowell	7
F. C. Moore, New York	8

Time, 1 hr. 20 min.

There were six other starters. This made the third time that Ford Jones had captured the trophy. The club sailing race, which is over a six mile course had fourteen starters. Paul Jones won by one minute and twenty seconds his time being 59m. 45s. H. L. Quick was second. In this race each man is credited with the position in which he finishes, and the club having the lowest number of points from her first three men wins. Under this rule the Yonkers club won with 11 points, Vesper second with 15 points and Toronto third with 19.

Lacrosse is a surprising game at the best of times, but recently it has been surprising in a way that is not altogether agreeable. The match between Montreal and Toronto was a distinct disappointment, the like of which it is to be hoped we shall not soon see again. Then the Staten Islanders came along. It was never for a moment to be expected that they could possibly win against such a twelve as the Montreal club could put in the field, and their beating of six to two was after all a better showing than the Torontonians made a week previous. But the climax was capped when the Capitals of Ottawa had the hardihood to challenge the Shamrocks for the National Amateur Lacrosse Association's flag. At the beginning of the season, when the Capitals met the Cornwalls, the former put up a very respectable game and gave promise of doing something noteworthy before the season ran out. They have succeeded in getting themselves most noteworthy defeated by the Shamrocks, a team that at an earlier date the Ottawa men, like Mr. Podsnap, simply put behind them with a wave of the hand and the remark, "They're not in it." But the Shamrocks appear to be in it very largely, and from the general look of things the Capitals seem to be the precipitation of the heavier bodies in the dish that usually forms the first course at dinner. It is still a pos-

sibility that after a little while the Ottawa men, like water, will find their level; but such clubs as the Cornwalls or Shamrocks will have to drop very low, or the Capitals will have to rise very fast before that consummation will be reached. The Capitals are out of place.

The regatta of the Lachine Boating and Canoeing Club, which took place on Saturday last was one of those delightful, well managed local events which any club might feel proud of, and there was one very prominent point shown—the usefulness of the canoe. If previously there had been any doubt as to the advisability of uniting the Lake St. Louis Canoe Club and the Lachine Boating Club, Saturday's experience removed it all, and proved that the aquatic interests of the young men who spend the summer season at Lachine are best served by such a club as the L.B.C.C. The race of the day was the tandem canoe challenge cup, which for the second time was won by Messrs. Duggan and Sherwood, and at the present rate of going it will be somewhat surprising if those handsome pieces of plate will not decorate the cabinets of the aforementioned gentlemen.

The annual races of the Montreal Swimming Club have been completed and the club is to be congratulated on the presence of two distinguished swimmers from across the border, who came over here and quietly carried off two championships. It was not done by any trick of Yankee shrewdness but by good straight swimming. Mefferts, the Manhattan Athletic Club man, is just now in a little trouble with the A.A.U., but as the trouble only affects games given under the auspices of the A.A.U., this passing unpleasantness has no effect on the Canadian races and Mefferts is the champion for the mile. In the hundred yards dash Johnson, another Manhattan man, had things pretty much all his own way, notwithstanding the number of cracks that were in the lists against him. The exciting part of the race was the fight for second place between Burton of Montreal and Hislop of Toronto, of the latter of whom great things were expected, but the Montreal man beat him out. The following summary, in which only the prize winners are counted, tells the tale:—

One hundred yards dash, amateur championship of Canada. Open to all amateurs.

W. C. Johnson, M.A.C., New York	1
A. H. Burton, Montreal	2
Hislop, Toronto	3

Time, 1.14

Eight hundred and eighty yards, handicap, senior.

Benedict	1
Dubreuil	2
Jackson	3

Time, 15.10 1-5

One hundred yards, junior (under 15 years.)

Dube	1
Mellis	2

Green race, 250 yards, senior.

Boudreau	1
Cook	2

Race in full suit. (Competitors completely clad, including coat, vest, long pants, boots or shoes and shirt, suit to be buttoned only.)

Jackson	1
Lafferty	2

Three hundred yards, junior championship, (under 15 years.)

Lavigne	1
Rae	2

Undressing in water. (Competitors must be dressed in complete suit.)

Burton	1
Wilson	2

A diving competition. A series of five dives, to consist of:—1st from spring board at right angles with the wharf; 2nd running from parallel spring board; 3rd running from end of wharf; 4th high dive from top of rail; 5th high dive from mast.

Terroux	1
Irwin	2
Benedict	3

One mile amateur championship of Canada. Open to all amateurs.

Mefferts, M.A.C., New York	1
Benedict, Montreal	2

Time, Mefferts 32.1 3-5; Benedict, 32.59.

Seventy-five yards (boys under 12 only.)

E. G. Lafferty	1
H. Bonnell	2

Green race, 100 yards, junior.

Wm. Wight	1
George Cook	2

Egg hunt, (diving for eggs; one dive only), junior (under 15 years.)

R. Wilson	1-43
C. Rae	2-32

Egg hunt (diving for eggs; one dive only), senior.

A. J. Laverly	1-24
H. B. Carter	1-24

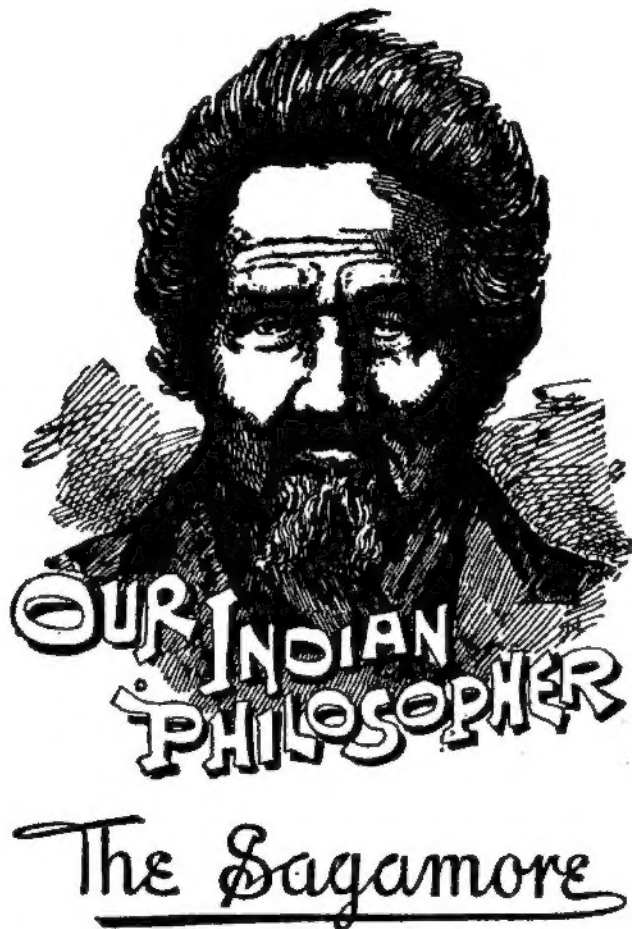
R. O. N.





Our American Abroad.

TEXAS—"Say, Sonny, ain't yer going ter give us a shine?"  
 SONNY—Garn! I doan't own no bloomin' blackin' factory."



Y brother, the reporter said, "is it true that you have been asked to visit Toronto and reduce the affairs of that city to something like order?"

"Nobody ask me to go there yit," replied Mr. Paul. "What's wrong up there?"

"A little religious difficulty," said the reporter. "The city council and the street preachers are at variance as to the best means of elevating the masses. Both parties have undertaken the job, but have come into collision."

"How's that?" queried the sagamore.

"Well, the park preachers argue that to convert a man you must first get his ear, and that Sunday is the day and the park the place to do it. They feel the mandate upon them to go and preach, and they dare not grieve the prompting spirit. So on the one hand you have the council trembling lest skulls should be broken; and on the other hand the preachers trembling lest they should be unfaithful to

their trust as shepherds of the park sheep. 'Woe is me if I preach not,' says the one party. 'Woe is me if I keep not the peace,' says the other. And so they are at a hammer and tongs, and between them they have worked up a circus at which the Bad Spirit, it is said, chuckles in gloe. It occurred to me that you might go up and endeavour to harmonise the conflicting elements."

"That city council," said Mr. Paul, "is same one been so much hoodle talk about in them papers lately?"

"Yes—the same."

"And them park preachers they live on what they kin pick up—eh?"

"Put it a little more courteously," said the reporter. "They live on voluntary contributions—yes."

"Well," said the sagamore, "If I was a mass in Toronto, I'd be pooty far gone when I'd let either that council or them other fellers elevate me."

"But it's a fine moral spectacle," said the reporter.

"How they gonto settle this thing?" queried the sagamore.

"The park question? I'm sure I don't know. The city council has the trump card just now, but the park orators are not dismayed. There is a very nasty insinuation, which I reject with scorn, to the effect that the aldermen are jealous of the preachers because the latter can get people to listen to them. That is highly improbable."

"Melbbe not," said Mr. Paul. "I b'lieve that's true."

"Well, there's a fine muddle, anyhow; and the reputation of the Sabbath, or the city council, or the preachers, or somebody or something,—I hardly know what—appears to be in considerable danger. Oh! There's a deuce of a row!"

"You know how they kin settle it?" demanded Mr. Paul. "I'll tell you now right away. Let 'um have big jaw match between them aldermen and them preachers. Put 'um in a ring and let 'um fight it out with their tongues. Whoever gits licked—let 'um back down."

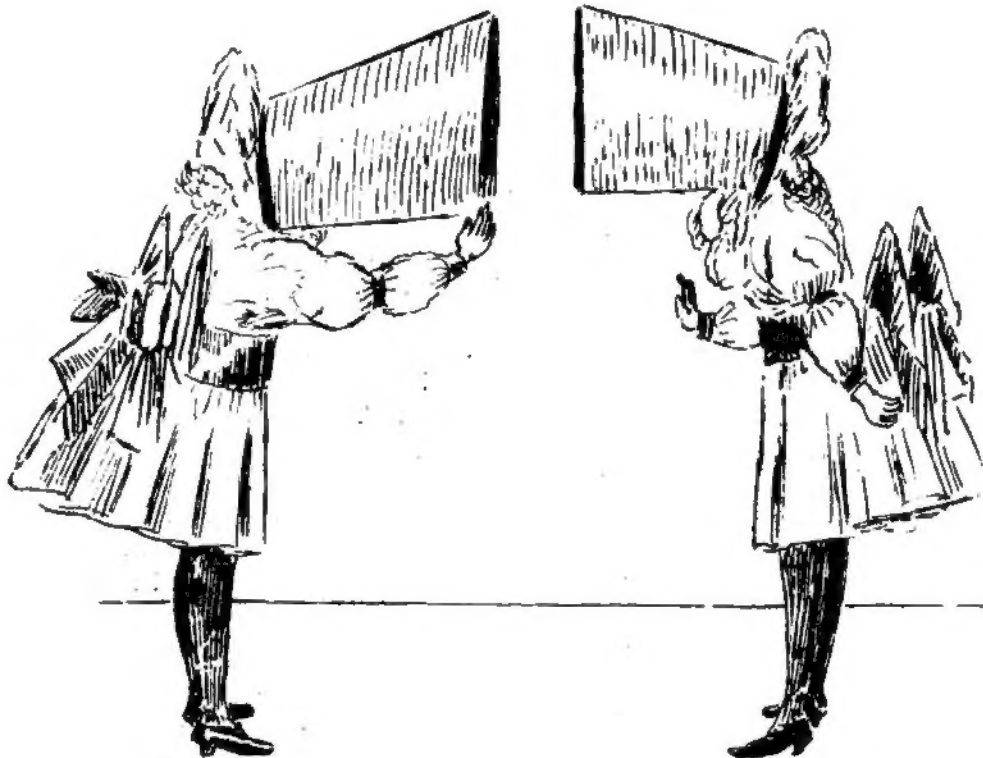
"But it might last all summer," objected the reporter. "You can't tire an alderman's jaws, nor a street preacher's. They'd still be banging away this time next year."

"All the better," said the sagamore. "Fence in the ring and leave 'um there. Toronto kin git along all right without 'um both."

"I wish you'd go up there," said the reporter, "and straighten things out. Privately, I'm inclined to side with the aldermen, but I may be wrong."

"I'll go right away," said the sagamore. "When I come back I'll tell you how I got along."

The sagamore will spend Sunday in Toronto.



THE LATEST BIT OF SCANDAL